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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Selections.

From the Norristown Herald.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The anti-slavery convention for Eastern Pennsylvania met at the Baptist meeting-house in this borough, on the 1st instant, and continued in session three days. It was a large and highly respectable assembly. The house was crowded each day of the meeting. Several talented speakers addressed the audience, among them a *slave*, who but four years since escaped from bondage. The proceedings of the convention have not yet reached us. The following letter, from C. C. Burleigh, read in the convention, has been handed to us for publication. Those who can appreciate the beauties of a fine piece of composition, whether friendly or opposed to his views, will not regret the space it occupies:

MONTPELIER, 7th Mo. 28th, 1842.

Though, as you are well aware, I cannot be with you in person at your grand gathering in Norristown next week, yet neither can I consent to be wholly absent. Fain would I, that you and all my beloved fellow-laborers there assembled, should think of me not as now a stranger or a foreigner;—as one removed from among you, and belonging to another scene of action. Let me still be counted as *one of you*. Let my place be kept for me, as if I had but stepped aside for a moment, soon to be in it again. It is hardly needful to assure you that I shall be with you in spirit, and that separated as we are for a time, I still feel a lively interest in whatever concerns our common cause, in that—so long my own—field of labor. So long!—nay, *still* my own; for so I regard it, and look forward with glad anticipation to the time, as not far distant, when we shall be once more together; and, shoulder to shoulder in the same rank of the anti-slavery host, press forward in the arduous struggle wherein you have so often aided and cheered me on. My heart is with you now, and words cannot speak the joy it would give me to be at your meeting, to celebrate with you the glorious jubilee of the West India slave; to plan with you the future toils which are to win a still more glorious jubilee for the captives of our own land; to kindle anew each other's zeal, infuse into each other's souls fresh energy and resolution, renewing them for the conflicts we have yet to meet; and once more unite with you in solemnly pledging to the cause, our time, our strength, our talents, our substance, and whatsoever it be "wherewith the Lord our God hath blessed us," as means for being co-workers with him in delivering the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor.

I know you need not my admonition, to remind you of your duty, nor my voice to arouse you to do it, nor my words of cheer to encourage you onward in the good work. Nor is it only because others will be there to stir you up to action, that you need no word from me. Not merely because Collins will be with you, and Douglas—a brand plucked from the burning—and the veteran Hopper. That these are to be present, I am glad to hear. That they will help to pour into your souls new life, and awaken new activity, and animate you with a more devoted spirit of self-denial, and quicken your zeal, and inspire you with greater energy and perseverance, I rejoice to believe. Collins, with his vehement and scorching rebukes, may make pro-slavery writhe, may startle the indifferent, and goad the indolent to action; with his spirit-kindling battle-cry may give increased alacrity to those who have risen and girded them for the moral fight; and with his earnest, importunate appeals, may reach the hearts and awaken the consciences of all. Douglas, as a living witness of the secrets of slavery's prison-house, may speak that he doth know, and testify that he hath seen of its cruelties and abominations. He may reveal the foul hypocrisy and daring blasphemy of its priestly defenders; may show in his sarcastic imitations, how, with sanctimonious looks and whining tones of pretended piety, they impiously charge upon God the making of one man to be a slave, and another to be a slave owner; and how, with cool effrontery, pointing to those physical and mental differences which slavery, with its hard toil and enforced ignorance on the one hand, and slaveholding luxury and pride on the other, have wrought, they call them tokens of His *design*, that one should serve and the other command;—proofs of His wisdom and goodness in fitting each for the lot assigned him. And the tried old veteran, with his undimmed eye, and unabated natural strength, his resolute look, and calm, determined manner, before which the blustering kidnapper and the self-important oppressor have so often quailed;—with his tales of oppression baffled, and freedom gained by many a flying bondman; with the scars of a hundred battles, and the wreaths of a hundred victories, in this glorious warfare; with his example of half a century's active service in the holy cause, and his still faithful adherence to it through evil as well as good report, and in the face of opposition as bitter as sectarian bigotry can stir up:—may show that persecution cannot bow the head which seventy winters could not blanch, nor the terrors of excommunication chill the heart in which age could not freeze the kindly flow of warm philanthropy. But it was not the remembrance of these which led me to say you need no voice of mine to summon you to duty. The voice which calls you is louder than ever, swelled up from human lips. It is pouring ever its thrilling tones into your ears, and into your souls—from the cotton field, from the rice swamp, from the sugar plantation, from the man-market of your nation's capital, from the desolate huts of the bereaved—bereaved by a stroke more terrible than death,—from the slave-ship's hold, and from the dusty highway, where chained coffles drag wearily along their mournful march. It speaks in the clank of fetters, the crack of brandished whips, and the harsh words and angry oaths of drivers and overseers. It rings out from the auction-hammer as it falls to sunder human hearts, and is heard in the auctioneer's call, "*who bids*" for imbruted manhood. All sounds of wo blend in that mighty voice;—all sighs of sorrow heaved by broken hearts; all cries of anguish in its many notes, from the infant's scream and mother's piercing shriek, as they are rudely torn apart, to that deep groan which speaks the strong man's agony at the loss of loved ones dearer than his life; whatever tells the still night air and the watching stars, of griefs which may not be spoken in the ear of man, lest falling lashes should smother their attempted utterance; all tones of wild despair, all muttered curses and half-breathed prayers to God for vengeance; every low whisper, passing round dark circles of midnight, plotters in the forest's gloom, ripening their schemes of flight, or bloody retribution; all aspirations of that hope which gives the fugitive strength to his toil-worn limbs, courage to his fainting soul, speed to his flying steps; the stealthy foot-fall through slumbering villages or towns, at midnight, and the rustle of dry leaves in solitary woodpaths; the bloodhound's bay, the rifle's sharp crack, and whizzing of the ball, the shout of savage exultation which hails its deadly aim, the bubbling rush of its victim's life-stream from the fatal wound;—all mingle in the ceaseless cry which bids you "up to the rescue." In the lament, too, of darkened minds and benighted souls, chained in ignorance by statute-prohibitions, and doomed to heathenism by the usages of a *Christian* people, you hear the emphatic call for help. The enslaved consciences of millions, clanking their spiritual shackles, and demanding a release from their galling weight, appeal to *your* consciences, making them your accusers if you put forth no effort for their disenthralment. Sounds not that appeal in your ears, like the death-groan of starving souls, perishing for lack of that bread of life which should nourish them?

The whole South land is lifting up its voice; not from living things alone, but the very stones are crying out of the walls of its dilapidated mansions and deserted sanctuaries, "wo to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city with iniquity;" and the beam out of the timber is answering them, accusing slavery of their too early decay and ruin, and calling on you, as sharers in the common interest of the whole country, to drive out the abomination which maketh desolate, and bring in that builder of old waste places, that upraiser of the foundations of many generations,—free industry. The once fruitful fields, now slavery-cursed with barrenness; the pine woods, over-growing olden cultivations, and echoing in their gloomy depths the howl of "wolves, returned after the lapse of a century," send up their call with all the earnestness of dying prosperity gasping hard for breath, and praying for renewed life. Nor from the South alone rises up the call to anti-slavery effort. From many a flying captive, wandering over the wide north, seeking shelter in the shadow of our liberty tree on our boasted *free* soil, and finding that the hand of "compromise" has pruned away its branches, till oppression's sun-stroke can smite them even here, and wither his blooming hopes; is pealing out a call for protection and deliverance;

> "While from the dark Canadian woods,
> The loud reply comes thundering out,
> Above Niagara's boiling floods,
> The *rescued* bondman's triumph shout;"

not unmingled with tones of sorrow and accents of earnest entreaty, which urge us, if we can do no more, at least to cast up a safe highway from the land of *republican* bondage, to the home of freedom under a monarch's protecting rule. And what tumultuous acclaim, even while you are yet assembled, swells up from "the freed Antilles," like the roar of pent-up seas bursting their rocky barriers; and tells a nation's joy at the returning anniversary of its emancipation? What is it but another tone of that same voice, which bids you for very shame to suffer no longer in quiet, "the *free* United States to cherish the slavery which a king has abolished?" What are the taunts flung at you from beyond the waters; from crowned despots and their minions, scorning a slaveholding republicanism; from pagans at their idol shrines, sneering at a heathenizing Christianity? What, but variations of the same unceasing voice, which will still roar, and shriek, and groan, and sigh, and wail, and entreat, and accuse, and condemn, till your brother's blood no longer gives it its startling tones and unearthly power? The earth which drunk that blood—which drinks it still, warm-dripping from the lash—sends up continually its accusing cry to heaven. The heaven which looked on with astonishment, hurls back its response from the black thunder-cloud, and writes it with quivering lightnings all over its broad expanse. The rivers, discolored with the crimson stain, sweep oceanward with indignant rush, pouring out their complaints in every ripple of the current as they dash along. The ocean flings them back with its loud voice of many waters, as his foam-crested billows tumble in upon the trembling shore. And He that sitteth on the circle of the heavens, that spread abroad the earth and stretched the clouds above it like the curtains of a tent, and channelled it with river courses, and scooped out the hollows for the seas,—that makes them all the instruments of his will, when, by terrible things in righteousness, he would vindicate the honor of his violated laws, and avenge the cause of the helpless and injured poor, he is shaping into articulate sounds those thunders above, and that voice of the waters below, and, as it were, bending those lightning flashes into forms and characters which may be read—pealing upon your ears with the one, and blazing upon your dazzling eyes with the other. "Execute judgment in the morning, and deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, lest my fury go out like fire, and burn that none can quench it, because of the evil of your doings." And I rejoice to know that you are not utterly unheedful of the call, but have banded yourselves together to work, by your united zeal and energy, the required deliverance; not by retaliating upon the evil-doer the evil he hath done; not by washing out with *his* blood the blood-stain with which he has polluted the land; not by "physical resistance, the marshalling in arms, the hostile encounter;" but by "the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption, the destruction of error by the potency of truth, the overthrow of prejudice by the power of love, the abolition of slavery by the spirit of repentance;" thus conferring a blessing at once upon the oppressor and his victim. Not in vain have you enlisted in this holy war; holy, no less because of its weapons, than of its objects. Not in vain have you devoted your strength to this labor of love, spending it for the good of those from whom you look for no recompense. Not in vain have you encountered reproach and persecution—braved the wrath of the mob, suffered the loss of property by the outbreaks of lawless violence, endured personal indignities, and faced personal dangers. Not in vain, even if you could as yet see no fruits of your labor, so far as its direct purpose is concerned; even if no fetter had yet been broken, no blessing of them that *were* ready to perish, but are *now* set in safety from the reach of the destroyer, had yet come upon you. Your own consciousness bears witness that he, in whose service you are engaged, is no exacter of unrequited toil; that he does not even wait the finishing of the day's work, before he begins the payment of its wages. You have tasted the reward, in the inward peace which obedience has produced; in the sweet satisfaction which flows from the exercise of kindly emotions, and the sacrifice of present personal indulgence and ease, to the toils of benevolence; and in the pleasures of social intercourse and a feeling of brotherly union in a common cause, heightened by the consideration of the nobleness of that cause; purified by the disinterestedness of that feeling. But this has not been your only reward. You *have* seen the work of the Lord prospering in your hands. He who sows the seed, expects to wait long and patiently for the harvest, before its waving wealth shall cover the furrows, or its ripened sheaves shall crowd the barns. Yet, in your case, the reaper seems already treading on the sower's heel, and the harvest of the last sown furrow supplies the seed for the next. A Birney, a Nelson, a Brisbane, and a Thome, are not the only trophies of past success, nor the only auxiliaries of future effort. Not the converted slaveholder alone, but the liberated slave also, is at once the witness of what has been done, and the helper in what is yet to do. Where, but for your efforts, would have been some of the voices which are now pleading, with the earnest eloquence of simple nature, for the deliverance of the enslaved, and moving the whole land with their strong appeals? To name no other—would Douglas be now rousing the country to a state of healthy agitation; would he be going from city to city, and town to town, and village to village, with his story of the captive's wrongs; awakening sympathy, enkindling zeal, and enlisting effort—if northern abolitionists had not prepared the public mind to receive him, and formed a public sentiment which shields him from the perils he must else have braved by such a course; could he even have attempted it? If his labors are producing abundant fruit, it is because yours have broken and mellowed to some degree the soil, and diffused a more genial temperature throughout the moral atmosphere.

But I meant not to speak so long of what has been. It behooves us, rather, forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those which are before, to *press* toward the mark for the prize of our high calling. The little which has been done, may be hastily glanced at now and then, as encouragement to new exertion, but must not be dwelt upon as if it were the fulfillment of our duty; must not be permitted to hide from our eyes the vastly more which yet lies unaccomplished before us. And with you I am confident it will not. You have not just put on the harness of this Christian warfare, to boast yourselves as he that putteth it off, after the battle has been fought, and the victory won.

I am glad to see, that among the subjects to be considered at your approaching meeting, is your relation to the American Society. I hope you will enter on that subject, as I trust you will, with such a just appreciation of its importance, and such a liberality of spirit, as will ensure from you a generous support to the central organization. Under its present conductors, I believe that society is well worthy of all the confidence you will repose in it; of all the aid you can give it. If there were no other object than the continuance and extension of the Anti-Slavery Standard, it would be well worth our while to keep up the society, at even greater cost than it has ever been to us. But there are other objects. Much land remains yet to be possessed, which cannot so well be invaded by any other instrumentality as that of a national association. And I doubt not you will be ready to meet so much of the responsibility thrown upon the abolitionism of the country, by the action of the last annual meeting, as justly belongs to you, taking into view your proportion of the ability of the whole to meet it, and your share, through your delegation, in the action which threw it upon us.

There is another subject on which my mind has dwelt much, and which I hope will claim some share of your attention. I mean the duty toward our brethren flying from oppression, which grows out of the recent decision of the Supreme Court. That we are verily guilty concerning our brother, so long as we consent to aid in re-enslaving him if he attempts to escape—so long as we leave unused any rightful means in our power to assist his self-deliverance, I need not say to such an assembly as this letter is designed for. But what ought we to do, what can we do with the most effect, for the attainment of our fixed purpose? That we will never lift a finger to help the kidnapper, however strong the authority of statute, or constitution, or judicial decision with which he is clothed, I take for granted is our *unanimous, undisguised* determination. That we will do our best, by all means which the moral law condemns not, to baffle him and save the prey from his talons, I trust we are equally well agreed on, and equally open in avowing. Now, as we have the highest judicial authority of the nation for the doctrine that the federal government cannot require State officers to enforce its decrees, and that the several States may forbid all giving of aid by their official agents, to the recapture of fugitive slaves, it seems to me that every free State owes it to its own character, to justice, to humanity, to pass an act at the earliest possible opportunity, imposing such prohibition; and that abolitionists everywhere ought to bestir themselves in this matter, and by petitions, and their personal influence, where they have any, with their representatives, and by whatever means are proper and lawful, endeavor to bring about so desirable an end. The South should be made to know that we are not only determined to hinder, as far as we can, her attempts to make effective for injustice a compromise which ought never to have been made; and which, when made, being immoral in its nature, is not binding, and cannot be, and must ever be "more honored in the breach than the observance;" but that we are resolved to get all we can to help us, and to make the whole policy of the North, so far as we can mould it, a barrier against the re-enslavement of the self-emancipated bondman, who seeks a shelter within our borders.

But I will trespass on your time and patience no longer. I could not feel willing to let your gathering pass away without a greeting from your absent brother, and his fervently uttered God-speed to your exertions; and, having begun to talk, I have been borne along beyond my original purpose, till now, if I close not speedily, there will be no room in the sheet for signature or superscription. Blame me not, beloved friends and fellow-laborers, that I seem thus reluctant to part with you. The memory of our toils and trials together, the thought of all that we have enjoyed in common, the remembrance of the abundant kindness and generous hospitality I have so often received at your hands, while laboring with you in this good work, and of the warm personal friendship, the confidence and brotherly affection with which you have honored and cheered me, —these come thronging upon me, as I turn to take my leave, and swell my bosom with emotions which you may conceive, but I cannot utter. Farewell, brethren and sisters. May He whose wisdom is profitable to direct, and whose arm is strong to defend and mighty to save, be with you in all your deliberations; give prudence to your counsels, vigor to your measures, success to your enterprise. May he guide you in life, and sustain you in death, and reward you at last with the welcome invitation, "well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

From the fullness of a brother's heart,
Yours, for the slave,
C. C. BURLEIGH.

From the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter.

CASE OF NELSON HACKETT.

"Application having been made by Mr. Scoble, on behalf of the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, for the facts in connection with this important case, which was the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, we lost no time in communicating such information as was at hand, promising to make further inquiry, and communicate the result. Charles H. Stewart, Esq. of Detroit, being on a visit to this city, and knowing he was in possession of the material facts, we immediately applied to him on the subject. He very promptly wrote out a narrative of the facts for publication, and we have great pleasure in laying it before our readers. Mr. Stewart is an Irishman by birth, is a lawyer of high respectability in Michigan, and President of the anti-slavery society of that State. The most implicit confidence may be placed in his statements. The circumstances attending this case are of a most important character—Sir Charles Bagot has probably been most egregiously imposed upon—and the British government will, we doubt not, provide against the recurrence of a similar event."

Hackett, was a slave in Arkansas. In the spring or summer of 1841, he was at a race-course with his *legal* master, and was desired to take home a race-horse. The home was at a considerable distance, and Hackett finding himself well mounted, under circumstances that permitted absence, directed his course towards liberty—the incessant subject of solicitude, with this unfortunate class. At this time he had in care the outside coat of the master, and he also had his gold watch; in what manner this last was obtained is not known. After many perils, he succeeded in finding, and effecting his way through the long route intervening between Arkansas, in the remote southwest, to Canada, at its northern frontier; he passed through Detroit in the State of Michigan, and took up his abode at London, or somewhere in the vicinity of Windsor, opposite to Detroit. In the course of the summer or fall, he was followed. A person, on behalf of his alledged owner, consulted a lawyer of much respectability, Mr. George F. Porter, whether there was any mode, by which Hackett, could be recaptured into slavery. Mr. Porter, being an abolitionist, gave no encouragement. The application to him shows the governing motive of the master, and that he desired to repossess himself of the person of Hackett, not so much perhaps, on account of his actual value, as that his recaption, and the dreadful punishment that awaits the failing aspirant of liberty, might deter others from a like attempt.

The next thing known, is that the agent went to Canada, and there had Hackett, arrested for theft—stealing a coat, gold watch and horse of A. B. (the master.) Considerable interest was excited among the colored people, by a proceeding, which they well knew to be but a vindictive persecution, for daring to assert self-liberty; but they found that Hackett was in custody, like any other alledged criminal, upon information sworn in Canada, and that he must abide the due trial of the charge, at the ensuing assizes or circuit, to be held at Sandwich, in February or March, 1842. Nothing could be done until then, and Hackett and friends abided patiently the arrival of court.

The arrest was in the fall, probably October or November, 1841. It appears that Hackett was kept a very close prisoner,—a lawyer, Mr. Baby, alone was permitted access to him during his confinement. After Hackett was thus arrested, his claimant had him indicted before a grand jury of Arkansas, for larceny; and procured from the governor of that State, a demand on the governor of Canada, for the surrender of Hackett. These papers were sent to the colonial government, and were received by Sir Charles Bagot about the time of his arrival in Canada. It is not known what kind of private applications or representations were made to Sir Charles; but it is probable, nay, almost certain, that he was altogether imposed upon,—that Hackett was represented as a great criminal, and that British sense of right was appealed to, to know if their government would screen villany, and reward with impunity the robber,—that Hackett's color, and the strongly extenuating circumstances of his case, were altogether suppressed. That misrepresentation was freely made, I know from the fact that his captors alledged in Detroit, that Hackett had committed a rape, under aggravating circumstances, on his master's daughter. —a charge, not only without evidence of any kind, but which I ascertained to be false, and to have been suggested for the mere purpose of creating feeling against Hackett. Sufficient discredit is at once given to it, by the fact, that it was not the subject of indictment. Had so aggravated an offense existed, it would readily have been seized on as the ground of demand on a foreign government, not bound by treaty or usage to surrender, in place of the light one of larceny. It may also have been represented to Sir Charles, that along the borders, the magistrates give up to each other those petty criminals who seek, by flight across our dividing line, an impunity from crime. Such is the fact. The surrender is unauthorized by law: it is the exercise of force,—the exchange of neighbours' courtesy, and is winked at all round. There is a great difference between this border surrender of henroost pilferers, and the deliberate official action of the British nation, in its highest and most solemn sanction, forming a precedent in the usage of nations. The American slave owner had also managed so as to secure the co-operation of those possessed of influence on the Canadian frontier, and poor Hackett, became a miserable victim to combined power, skill, and wealth, while he lay a captive in British confinement, trusting with implicit confidence to the accused's sacred palladium—that boast of Britain's constitution—a trial by his peers. Neither himself nor a single friend was aware of the measures pursuing; they were prepared for trial, and for nothing else.

At any rate, Sir Charles Bagot, deceived or not, ordered the surrender of Hackett, and gave a warrant to the jailer of Sandwich, to surrender him, and a letter to Colonel John Prince, of Sandwich, her Majesty's consul, (a kind of local attorney-general,) and to all British authorities, to aid and assist in the delivery of Hackett, to a man of the name of Davenport, who runs the ferry between Detroit and Windsor.

The mode of executing this warrant, showed the parties' own consciousness of impropriety. It was not done in that open, fearless manner, which imparts dignity to the law, and proclaims its sovereignty; but at 9 or 10 o'clock of a winter's night, in the Canadas, when the severity of the season had housed every person and animal, during the month of February last, a party of men were collected, a boat was prepared, Hackett was seized, without a moment's intimation, and hurried across the Detroit river amid masses of floating ice, and incarcerated in the Detroit jail. Whether or not, the demand on the Sandwich jailor had been previously made, is not known; but it probably was, and every arrangement had doubtless been leisurely made, though secretly.

In Detroit, Hackett was immured in a private cell. He was some days there before the fact was known; but it leaked out. I made application to see him; his being there at all was denied. I finally made application to our Supreme Court, and obtained a *habeas corpus*. I was then admitted to see Hackett, and shown the papers connected with his arrest. Hackett candidly avowed the fact, that he had used the horse as the means of procuring freedom. He had no way of restoring either it, watch, or coat; no demand was made for any of them. At his arrest, he still had all of them, and *all were received, and used by his captors*, as they admitted.

The papers then consisted only of the letter of Sir Charles Bagot's secretary, in official form, to Colonel Prince and other authorities, and an authenticated copy of the warrant of surrender. The indictment had been left with the colonial government, and its contents were stated to me by the agent and counsel of the captors. Sufficient evidence, however, was afforded, that the colonial government, whether rightly or discreetly, yet, in fact, had duly surrendered Hackett. The question then was, should we of Detroit, contest the matter? We could have done so; a foreign warrant was of no validity with us. Hackett was illegally in custody, and being brought *by force* within our jurisdiction, the federal laws made for recapture of fugitives from justice, or from labor, were alike imperative, inasmuch as they require *voluntary* residence as the ground of jurisdiction. On consultation, we deemed it improper to interfere. Great Britain had taken the lead in the assertion of human rights; she had struck the fetters from her own slaves, and was pioneer among the nations of the world in abolishing slavery. She had formally thought proper to surrender an alledged criminal; she had deemed the offense so serious, as to justify the exercise of that prerogative about which nations are so jealous that they have oft refused the surrender of even murderers. She had done so on mature deliberation. Would it become us to assume a standard higher than hers? to become the patrons of a crime she had thus markedly denounced as atrocious? We thought not; we were trustees, seeking to carry out a great and sacred principle confided to us, and were bound to do so wisely and discreetly. Had we interfered in this case, we would have fought the battle of liberty, not on its own sacred principles, but as protectors of crime; for the prisoner was in custody as a criminal, not as a slave; and that he was an aggravated criminal, Britain's unusual surrender nationally avowed. To fight this contest, then, would but have weakened us for those that await us on the broad platform of man's inalienable rights; have added to existing prejudices that which would have arisen from our asserting a standard of morals higher than that of Great Britain. In Detroit we had begun to turn public sympathy in favor of the fugitive slave, and we dared not to weaken that sympathy for the many unfortunates who need it, by an exertion on behalf of a single individual.

We, therefore, reluctantly and with grief, crushed down our own feelings, and sorrowing committed the hapless Hackett to the dire fate that awaited him—a fate, not as Sir Charles Bagot doubtless anticipated, to be measured by the imperial majesty of law—but to be doomed by an incensed master, an infuriated overseer, and the vindictive passion of a slavocracy, daily smarting under the assertion of their captive's right to freedom. What that fate was, we shuddered to think. May humanity never learn it; but let ignorance shroud it, along with many a deed of kindred horror, beneath its impenetrable veil.

I only add, that the project of recovering fugitive slaves, even from within the heretofore sacred palladium of British protection, by the cunning devise of alledged crime, is becoming a matter of frequent occurrence, and is stimulated to increasing perfection by every successful issue. It is the duty of Great Britain, if she desires the protection of her national honor, to refuse the surrender, even of the petty foreign criminal, to that country which has denied to her the British murderer; and if she seeks consistency in her anti-slavery principles, she should avoid being deluded by a pretense of the slave interest, that can procure larceny indictments for each fugitive, who, as a piece of locomotive property, commits a high theft, in the eye of the slaveholding law, the moment he dares to steal himself from the tender mercies of avaricious power.

When Hackett was, as mentioned, rushed across the Detroit river, under secret haste, and amid the darkness of a winter's night, the Canadian court, which had cognizance of this offense, was near at hand. What return was made of the informations, or what by the jailor of his charge, is not known. It will be recollected that Hackett was not *at large*, the legal subject of surrender by British authorities, but a *prisoner* under British law, for an offense it claimed to be in its jurisdiction, and the person of the alledged criminal, was at the control only of that law. The justice who arrested Hackett was bound to have returned the informations to the court, and the jailor, who had his custody, was responsible for his person. The governor's warrant was controlled by higher power of the law, and could have taken effect only when that law had performed its duty.

New-York, August 9, 1842.

(Signed) CHARLES H. STEWART, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Detroit, State of Michigan.

REMARKS.

The writer of the above, has carefully restricted his allegations within the bounds of stern fact, and excluded surmises or aught that on inquiry might prove a misstatement. There are, however, we are assured, matters connected with the case, that aggravate its dark features. It is feared that Hackett was a victim of a conspiracy among the Canadians and his pursuers. His restoration to captivity, and the recovery of the horse, watch, and coat, were alone sufficient to stimulate cupidity, but the advantage of his capture from the very clutches of England, was invaluable to men so affected by the escape of slaves and who would thus be enabled to exhibit their power at overreaching even British protection. Their poor victims are too ignorant to understand the "modus operandi"—it is sufficient that they see within their masters' power, one of themselves, taken from soil heretofore deemed inaccessible to the slaveholder. This, of course, paralyzes all effort at escape, as proving that there is safety in no place. Thus the captors had every inducement to great exertion and pecuniary sacrifice. There is reason to fear that the whole proceeding was a concerted movement between the pursuers and the Canadian authorities; that the plan was arranged between them, that Hackett was to be arrested, and held to bail, until an indictment was found in Arkansas—a demand made, and the prisoner surrendered—that there never was any intention of trying the man in Canada—that the contrary was alledged only to deceive his friends, and blind them as to the movement in Toronto—that the frontier authorities were to use, and did use, their influence with Sir Charles Bagot—that they were to be well paid, provided the surrender was made. The names of several official and private individuals, who it is confidently believed were engaged in this dark plot, have been given to us. Of course much that then took place, sleeps in the parties' own bosoms, and, however plausible or strong conjectures may bear to their guilt, it would be improper to make it a matter of direct charge. The jailor undoubtedly required the sanction of the crown presiding officer, before he gave up a prisoner for whom he was responsible, and some curious considerations must have governed that officer, in departing so very far from his duty, and the law of the British empire. If the governor, he properly applied to on this subject, he will, we presume, disclose the representations made to him, and bring to light the amount of fees paid to subordinate officers in the matter. We trust that the never-tiring vigilance of the committee in London, will so conduct the inquiry, that the British governor and all his subordinates will be made to feel their responsibility; and that quietude may be given to the thousands of colored American citizens, who have sought an asylum in her Britannic majesty's dominions.

ENGLAND OPPOSED TO SLAVERY.

In reply to "An Appeal against the Purposes of England. By a Kentuckian." Published in the Boston Post, April 19th, 1842.

That a relic of ancient barbarism should be the cause of the greatest civil commotion of modern times, is a fact as humiliating to those who look for the dawning of Christianity, and the perfecting of the rights of men, as it is terribly degrading to those rights, and subversive of the principles of that religion. We have in slavery the connecting link, which binds us in our follies to the delusions of all those early nations, whose histories and monuments show us, that they held their fellow-men in bondage, and made them absolute transferable property.—The Jews, the Egyptians, the Greeks, Achilles' wrath, the markets in Babylon and Tyre, the luxury of the Romans, the traffic of the pirates and kidnappers of all the Mediterranean, have lent their aid in this wicked work; and still later, England, Germany, France, Sicily, Venice, each converted its neighboring seas into highways, upon which it might transport its brethren, whom the chances of war had cursed with bondage. Even the garment of Christianity, which clothed the earlier settlers of this country, appeared to lose its sanctity before the question of slavery, and has now become, one would think, a perfect Nessus-shirt upon our backs, burning our very vitals; its light has revealed the enormity of the institution, while it seems to have, in the same proportion, refined its cruelties. The track of that ship, in which Sir John Hawkins brought the first cargo of slaves to Hispaniola, appears a dark, polluted line across the hitherto unsullied bosom of our western waters; the unholy highway, which has been followed by so many fiends, and darkened by so many scenes of guilt; the iron chain, which unites the slavery of our Christian country, with the barbarous servitude of the early nations of the East. Would God the indignant waves had destroyed that ship!

Here, then, we are,—just as guilty, just as mercenary in this point, as were the heathen nations of olden times. And we have men among us, who are willing to transport the whole spirit of their lives so far back, as to become, on this question of slavery, no whit better than the pirates and despots of ancient Greece and Rome. 'Tis sad that it should be so; but he who has eyes to see and ears to hear, must know that it is. We hear the policy of every nation, the sentiments of every defender of man's inalienable rights, the efforts of all honest patriots and philanthropists, questioned by the suspicious disciples of the doctrines of slavery, as undermining their institutions, destroying their peace and property, exposing their lives, absolutely laying the axe at the root of their liberties. Is it not so? The Quintuple Treaty, the question of the Creole, the heart-felt, honest indignation of the North, the word spoken in truth by every sincere man from the dying cry of Lovejoy, at Alton, to the manly voice of Channing, at the other extreme of the Union,—have not all these been looked upon by slaveholders, as aiming at their destruction? Not a question comes before our legislators, that is not instantly turned over and over by the South, to see where it bears upon their great institution. So intimately is it interwoven with all their commerce, policy, laws, that it has become as it were the warp, upon which their existence is woven. That they defend it with all the pertinacity of most deluded men, is freely granted to them. They are consistent in their error, to say the least. No doubt, some among them are honest in their convictions,—and really look upon slavery as an evil, but a necessary evil, which has no remedy. That such as these should be jealous of any infringement upon their rights, is not a matter of astonishment. Hence it is, that we daily see men anxious to convince the world, that the blows avowedly aimed at slavery, are in fact wielded by selfishness, and love of power. Hence it is, that the whole United States come under the call to defend their institutions, against the grasping of England. Hence it is, that France is applauded for her vigilance and foresight, in refusing to unite in the treaty of the five powers. Sympathy with slavery, either direct or indirect, either honest or dishonest; sympathy with it as an institution, tending to preserve, in absolute existence and power, the southern portion of our country,—a blind sympathy, which sees not enormities mountain-high, and feels not how miserable a portion of our fellow-men exist in the land, undoubtedly brings men to the beliefs and suspicions, I have mentioned. This sympathy, I doubt not, induced "a Kentuckian," to publish from Paris to the world, the paper I now have in consideration.

In these days of turmoil and confusion, when the multiplicity of questions before the community, and their intimate connection, tend to confound men; when a restless spirit for war seems to fill the heads of too many in our land; when all the strength of the mighty is needed, to preserve our land in peace, and our institutions in purity, the appearance of a paper like this is a subject of deepest regret. It is cunningly devised, presenting an aspect of affairs so plausible, that, at first sight, one feels almost disposed to believe that men care nothing for the horrors of slavery, provided they can make its continuance or destruction a means of aggrandizing themselves. Its spirit is bad, radically defective; and, clothed as it is with innumerable fallacies, seems to call for a minute and careful investigation. Humanity cries out for help, when thus wronged and tortured. I call to my aid, in defending her, the words of Dr. Channing, when speaking of another document. He says, "I cannot but express my sorrow at the tone of inhumanity, which pervades it. * * * The document bears witness, not to individual hardness of heart, but to the callousness, the cruel insensibility, which has seized the community at large. Our contact with slavery has seared in a measure almost all our hearts. Were there a healthy tone of feeling among us, certain passages in this document would call forth a burst of displeasure." There is a cold and heartless manner exhibited, when the condition of the slave is spoken of, which must make men of common sensibility shudder,—men who have not learned to think on these things, with the apathy the very institution of slavery tends to generate. This has induced me to notice some of what I believe to be the false positions, and feel to be unsound and dangerous doctrines in this paper; believing them of course to be the honest convictions of the writer, as truly as my own, (which stand apart from them heaven-wide,) are of myself.

The right of search England would establish may evidently be carried to an extent, so harassing to our commerce, and so dangerous in its results, that vigilance on the part of our own government, as well as of foreign nations, who have an interest in the preservation of pure and safe international law, is loudly called for. Those waters, within which the limits of the treaty extend, are covered with fleets of American vessels, pursuing a legal and profitable traffic. That slavers are to be found also, can no longer be a matter of doubt. Their atrocities are too well known to need repetition. Every Englishman, every Frenchman, every American knows the sad story by heart. How, then, under these circumstances, can it be said, as we find it in this document, that the purpose of England "is not the abolition of slavery, nor yet of the slave trade, which are but means subordinate to it. It is to increase her manufactures, and extend her commerce; and, as indispensable to this, to substitute the raw products of India, for the products of Cuba, Brazil, and the United States." Can any man be so full of credulity, as to believe England to be so presumptuous? Her folly, in thus interdicting the raw products of these specified countries, must be evident to every man, who will look at the state of exports through these channels. Restrictions upon colonial produce, or any interferences with colonial commerce, are the most delicate matters a nation has to deal with. The loss to home consumers, in those countries where colonists are made, per force, the chief providers, is immense; for they (home consumers) are the ones who are to support the superfluous charges of raising the colonial produce, and also aid in making the fortunes of colonial planters and merchants,—without the smallest benefit to themselves. Thus a great tax is drawn from the people, to be poured into the pockets of the few. The rule works both ways, and colonies suffer equally, by being confined in their consumption to the articles of the mother country. Does not every man see, that the twenty millions of dollars drawn from India, annually, by England, and which is making her "*miserably poor*," will be drawn from broken cisterns yielding no water, unless the commercial relations of India are made independent of the restrictions of England. England herself must see this, and it is preposterous to talk of her laying plans to shut her markets against the raw products of the world, India excepted. That England, in her policy towards India, has made egregious blunders, is evident enough, as is shown us in the duties of "six shillings a gallon on rum, one pound one shilling on shrub, ten shillings on cordials, made in the East Indies," whereby "the East Indian could not compete with the West Indian," and Cuba and Brazil governed the market; and all this, too, as a protection from British made spirits, which would be driven from the market. That she should be slow in repealing the protecting duty on East India sugar, under these circumstances, flows as naturally from all this course of policy, as streams run down from mountain-tops. Still she says this will be done, unless the slave trade is abolished, and the products of slave labor no longer furnished from Cuba, Brazil, and the United States, we will thus shut the market against slave labor products. Shall we substitute for this course of reasoning, that given us by "a Kentuckian," who has it for one of his fundamental principles, that of slave labor and free labor, the former is the cheaper? a position I will hereafter show to be untrue. Hear his ideas on this matter. Having spoken of the relation of India with England, the poverty of the former, and the state of her commerce, and her attempts to pronounce the slave trade piracy, with the concurrence of the United States, and France, he says, "Here is a precious mixture! If France and the United States will not declare the slave trade to be piracy, then the American planter cannot be undersold, unless the duty on East India sugar be repealed; and the duty on this East India sugar cannot be repealed, because then the East India spirits will supersede British made spirits, and malt spirits; and although America has not imported a single African slave for more than thirty years, and although she has declared the slave trade to be piracy, and has kept her armed ships on the African coast for its suppression, (as she will not permit American vessels to be boarded and captured by British cruisers, and confiscated by a British court,) if we are to believe the London Times, Great Britain is about to declare war against her, under pretense of love for the poor Africans. How much truth there is in this pretense, will presently be seen, when we come to speak of her love and sympathy for the poor Irishman." All this "precious mixture," written with an admirable spirit of scorn, and drawn before us with keenest irony, seems to me not far from being worthy of being considered a true and candid exposition of facts, as far as regards England. As I have said, and here repeat, England desires

the house is modern in its structure, and, for this city, very well built, and handsome. Ring, and a bright boy, a slave still, ushers you into the parlor. Look carefully about the entry and the room. Everything is perfectly clean, and in good taste; two things, not often to be seen in a Washington boarding-house, as I know from sad experience. You will find there a number of the best class of members of Congress from New England and the West, with a few others, who love to see and enjoy as much of home as they can find five hundred miles from their families. "Do you wish to see the mistress of the house, sir?" "Yes." Presently, one of two sisters, dressed in what may be half mourning, with perfect elegance of costume, and modest dignity and grace of manner, comes in: perhaps it is the youngest one; with a face which you see at a glance reflects every varied feeling of a warm heart, and a beauty that is not remarkable enough to dazzle, but quite sufficient to make a very agreeable impression upon you. The modesty and intelligence you discover, in the course of your interview, confirms the impression.

These two sisters are Catholics, by birth and education; but sincere Christians, without very much of the bigotry that makes the Christian name too often anything but lovely. It is not long—perhaps a year or more—since they lost a revered father, and they will not live a life of idleness or dependence; they are too generous, too pure-minded, to do either, when their own exertions can find them bread. Their dignity and excellence make their calling honorable: and the few who are too proud to visit the keeper of a lodging-house, are *not worthy* of their society.

You will notice about the house, when you have become somewhat familiar with its inmates, a smart and sprightly colored woman, of say thirty years of age, whose constant cheerfulness and attention to your wants will not fail to please you: while the evident respect and love of the ladies for her, will assure you that she shares in the privileges, I had almost said the rights, of a sister. She is trusted as one of themselves; and well does that faithful heart deserve it. The man who should *look* unkindly or rudely on her, had better find some other habitation, with all convenient speed. Brought up with them from infancy, loved and cherished, knowing no want, well educated, for her class and station, can she be otherwise than happy?

But she is—no, she is *no longer a slave!* She *used* to laugh and sing: but there's a cheeriness in the song and laugh, now, and a firmness in that quiet step, that don't look like a slave! She is free!

The death of their father left this woman, and the little boy who let you in, to these sisters, as their slaves. Last summer, the younger sister—suppose I call her Sarah, just for a name!—accompanied some friends on a visit to New England, and there imbibed the *fanatical* views of those sad fellows, the abolitionists. Her own kind and generous nature only needed the light to lead her mind to follow the dictates of a pure heart. Reflection pointed out her duty; and she will fulfill it. Two months ago, perhaps three, the sisters applied to a member from the Bay State to prepare for them a deed of emancipation for the woman. Not long before, they had been offered $1,000 for her; but they would part with everything sooner; and the loss of a considerable part of their little patrimony, by the failure of a shinplaster-mill, does not change their feelings or their will to do right. Sarah has proposed to pay $500 for the slave, on condition that the sister will join in the deed of freedom; and the offer has been accepted, the money paid, the deed signed, and recorded in due form.

It is a bright May morning; and the two sisters, with moistened eyes, are sitting in the basement room with the member who prepared the deed, *his* manly face showing no little evidence of the warm heart he possesses, and of his earnest sympathy with them in the act they are about to perform. Mary enters the room quietly, but with an expression of curiosity, as she looks at the eyes of the trio, turned upon her with such emotion.

"Close the door, Mary," says Sarah, with a voice half choked with *not* unpleasant feelings. "We love you, Mary; and we have long wished to show how we esteemed you. So we have given you your freedom. Here is the deed."

What a bewildered look! Wonder, joy, fear, and anxiety, chase each other over that swarthy face; the eyes are strained, with quick glances, from one to the other of the trio, who look so kindly at her. But she cannot speak or move; no, not for a kingdom. Sarah forces herself to speak once more. "You are as free as I am, Mary. Take your free papers; and may God bless you."

Now the tears start from her eyes, and with an expression of ecstacy, she makes out to say, with a pause between every two words, "Oh, missy, thank, thank you!" And then, with the extravagant gestures sometimes seen in a camp-meeting, she jumps up and down, claps her hands, sobs half hysterically, and shouts "glory" for several minutes, while the little circle weep for joy and sympathy with her. It was some hours before the delivered one could recover tranquillity enough to pursue the duties of the day. You perceive no change in her relations to the family circle. The steps may be a little more elastic, and the eye smile more joyously; the voice is more *youthful* in its hilarity, from the sweet consciousness of freedom; and that is all. You could not *tear* her from her beloved mistress; nor could you buy that deed of liberty from her for love or gold.

The little boy will soon be freed, and sent to the North to be educated.

LORD ASHBURTON'S TREATY.

It seems to be agreed on all hands that the settlement of the Northeastern Boundary is more favorable to the United States than the boundary as we claimed it. The free navigation of the St. John's, and the acquisition of Rousse's Point, are deemed of great importance. Two great nations, over sensitive about their honor, are saved from ruinous war, by the timely exertion of a little discretion, forbearance, and good sense; and we trust the way is paved for lasting peace.

We copy the following articles of the treaty. It is to be hoped that the 10th will not be made an instrument of wrong to poor fugitives in Canada:

ART. VIII. The parties mutually stipulate that each shall prepare, equip, and maintain in service, on the coast of Africa, a sufficient and adequate squadron, or naval force of vessels, of suitable numbers and description, to carry in all, not less than eighty guns, to enforce, separately and respectively, the laws, rights, and obligations, of each of the two countries, for the suppression of the slave trade; the squadrons to be independent of each other, but the two governments stipulating, nevertheless, to give such orders to the officers, commanding their respective forces, as shall enable them most effectually to act in concert and co-operation, upon mutual consultation, as exigencies may arise, for the attainment of the true object of this article; copies of all such orders to be communicated by each government to the other, respectively.

ART. IX. Whereas, notwithstanding, all efforts which may be made on the coast of Africa, for suppressing the slave trade, the facilities for carrying on that traffic, and avoiding the vigilance of cruisers by the fraudulent use of flags, and other means, are so great, and the temptations for pursuing it, while a market can be found for slaves, so strong, as that the desired result may be long delayed, unless all markets be shut against the purchase of African negroes; the parties to this treaty agree, that they will unite in all becoming representations and remonstrances, with any, and all powers, within whose dominions such markets are allowed to exist, and that they will urge upon all such powers, the propriety and duty of closing such markets at once and for ever.

ART. X. It is agreed that the United States and her British majesty shall, upon mutual requisitions by them, or their ministers, officers, or authorities, respectively made, deliver up to justice, all persons who, being charged with the crime of murder, or assault with intent to commit murder, or piracy, or arson, or robbery, or forgery, or the utterance of forged papers, committed within the jurisdiction of either, shall seek an asylum, or shall be found, within the jurisdiction of the other; provided, that this shall only be done upon such evidence of criminality as, according to the laws of the place where the fugitive or person so charged, shall be found, would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial, if the crime or offense had there been committed; and that the respective judges and other magistrates of the government shall have power, jurisdiction, and authority, upon complaint made under oath, to issue a warrant for the apprehension of the fugitive or person so charged, that he may be brought before such judges or other magistrates, respectively, to the end that the evidence of criminality may be heard and considered; and if on such hearing, the evidence be deemed sufficient to sustain the charge, it shall be the duty of the examining judge or magistrate, to certify the same to the proper executive authority, that a warrant may issue for the surrender of such fugitive. The expense of such apprehension and delivery shall be borne and defrayed by the party who makes the requisition, and receives the fugitive.

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There is a large sum of money—say some $50,000 in the treasury of New Brunswick, denominated the "Disputed Territory Fund." This fund, levied upon the timber cut on the disputed territory for the last six or seven years by the authorities of New Brunswick, is, by the terms of the treaty, to be paid over to the United States, for the benefit of Maine and Massachusetts, and is one of the provisions of the settlement.

Six months time is allowed for the ratification or rejection of this treaty by Great Britain.

It makes no mention of the Creole case, or the right of searching vessels for slaves; nor are the questions of boundary on the Pacific side named in the treaty.

In the correspondence between Lord Ashburton and our Secretary of State, mention is made of the interference of the colonial authorities of the British West India Islands with American merchant vessels driven by stress of weather, or carried by violence, into the ports of the colonies; the subject of the Caroline, and of impressment; but except that a sort of apology and plea of necessity is made for the burning of the Caroline, with an expression of regard for the sacredness of our neutral rights, nothing is settled upon these points; and the President is understood to declare, in his message accompanying the treaty, that he does not deem it necessary to urge the consideration of those matters further.

From the Voice of Freedom.

NOT A HOAX.

The Western Reserve Cabinet, Ohio, alluding to a story, which has somehow gone out, that John Tyler and Daniel Webster, had contributed to the funds of the American Anti-Slavery Society, says: "It now appears that the society was most essentially hoaxed." *Guess* not, if I may claim my Yankee privilege to say so. Having been present, when the contributions,—or pledges, rather—were made, I venture to assure brother Hall, that there was no mistake about the matter; only a mistake of the reporters who told the story. The simple truth is this. While the taking of donations and pledges was going on, one man called out, that he would give one dollar for John Tyler; not that John Tyler would give it. Soon after, another announced, that he would give twenty-five, (I think these were the sums,) for Daniel Webster. Nobody supposed that those distinguished worthies had given, or were giving, or would give the money—but all understood that the persons pledging, chose this way of doing it; whether from caprice, for a joke, or with a serious intent to give the illustrious dignitaries a hint of what they *ought* to do, or for what reason, I am not aware that any one took the trouble to ask. Something was said—as nearly as I can remember—as to the propriety of giving money in such a way; but from what was replied, I gathered that it was taken for granted nobody would be misled by it, and that it was nothing worth stopping to debate about. Who started the mistake, I don't know. Possibly the secretaries, in the haste of taking down names, might have so recorded the pledges, as to give to persons not present, the impression which it seems has been received; or it may be, that the newspaper reporters, in their hastily made notes, gave a wrong view of the case. But be that as it may, there was no hoax perpetrated or designed, as I could see.

From the Temperance Standard.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS AND TEMPERANCE.

I have observed that in those places where the members of the Society of Friends take hold of the temperance cause, it is almost certain to prosper, and to move onward with rapid progress. They appear to have more power than any other class of people in removing prejudice, and breaking down the barriers that oppose its success. It is singular, that a few of the members of this society, here and there, should be seized with such a violent antipathy to the temperance associations. There are neighborhoods, where this antipathy extends to the mass of the Friends, and leads them to throw all their weight in the opposing scale. It is mortifying to me to contemplate that mountain of spiritual pride which possesses the hearts of some prominent men who profess to be Quakers, and who denounce in the most unchristian terms, such of their brethren as feel called on to associate with professors of other sects, in advancing their important testimony against intemperance. I was highly gratified to find that this sectarian, *stand-off* spirit, has no dwelling-place in the community of which I have been speaking. The Quakers there are a plain sort of people, content to judge a tree by its fruits. They are content also to observe those fruits with the eye of common sense. They do not understand the use of that spiritual telescope, which a select few claim to possess, and by which they are able to discern "hypocrisy," "blasphemy," "the fruits of the bottomless pit," and the "works of the devil," in everything of good which is brought about under the name of the temperance reform. Hence, they are "*Friends*" in reality —*practical* friends—friends of the drunkard and of the moderate drinker—friends of the publican and sinner. The self-righteous priest and the proud Levite, may pass by, if they will, on the other side, and cloak their indifference to bleeding humanity with the veil of holiness, and the horror of defilement; but the true *Friend* will show his love of man, by works rather than by words, by conduct rather than profession.

I must not forget to mention that the temperance society of East and West Nottingham numbers about 1,100 members, although there are several other large and flourishing societies, partly within its limits. They hold their meetings at various places, a few miles distant from each other. I attended one at the Friends' meeting-house, which, though a large building, was well filled; and the meeting was conducted with all the order and decorum of a meeting professedly religious.

Communications.

LETTER FROM AN AGENT IN WESTERN NEW-YORK.

I commenced my labors in Essex county. At Ticonderaoga, I tried, without success, to get up a meeting; men seemed too much absorbed in party politics, and theological sectarianism, to attend to anything else.

At Moriah, I gave three lectures, which were well attended, and listened to with apparent interest. I endeavored to show the inefficiency of political measures to remedy the evils of the country; and that churches and ecclesiastical assemblies, in their present position, directly upheld the system of slavery. I found, here a noble exception to the generality of the clergy. Elder Walden is, in head and heart, a true abolitionist. There was formerly an anti-slavery society here; and with little effort, I think the cause may take a fresh start. At Elizabethtown, I gave three lectures to a small audience. At Lewis, deacon James L. Livingston tried to negotiate with the minister to have me preach on slavery in the afternoon; but he felt afraid I should not be "mild and winning" enough for the Sabbath; so I lectured in the meeting-house at 5, P. M. and told as much wholesome truth as I could in the course of an hour and three quarters. My object was to convince the people that the American church is the bulwark of slavery. I observed an aged man among my hearers, who shook very much, and I supposed him to be trembling with age. As soon as I closed my remarks, he rose to his feet, and declared that he was no abolitionist, and he hoped he never should be. He said I knew not what manner of spirit I was of—that I was an infidel—opposed to churches and ministry. He declared that the Bible sanctioned just such slavery as existed in our southern States; and quoted Leviticus, xxv. to prove it. He complained that I had quoted a great deal of scripture *against* slavery, but none in *favor* of it. "The gentleman does not remember," said he, "that slavery occurred under the wise providence of God; that God was on the throne, when the first slave was made." He seemed to forget that God was likewise on the throne, when the first murder was committed. "We are told that the Bible recognizes slavery," said Beriah Green, sarcastically; "so does it recognize Cain!" The old gentleman who made this use of biblical learning, is reverently called Father Comstock. He is a Presbyterian of the old school, and founder of many of the churches in this region. As soon as he was seated, a man, formerly deacon, got up, and endeavored to prove the same position, by quotations from Leviticus, &c. I replied to these defenders of slavery, by telling the audience that their remarks proved what I had been saying; here was sad evidence that the church was the bulwark of slavery. This lecture excited so much interest, that, ten days after, James G. Livingston rode twenty miles to ask me to come and give another. At this second lecture, the minister attended. He professes to be an abolitionist, though he acknowledges that he is behind the progress of the cause. His countenance did not look as if he were pleased, and he did not speak to me after the lecture. At a temperance meeting, which followed, a tavern-keeper offered to give up selling intoxicating drinks the ensuing year, if the temperance society would pay him forty dollars. The minister spoke in favor of this measure, and called upon a man from another town, who sustained it by a long speech. I spoke, unasked, against the principle of buying off ourselves; and my remarks produced a good deal of excitement.

At Chateaugay, I gave three lectures. The first meeting was very large; but some politicians took offense at what I said about the pro-slavery of political parties. They left the meeting, and reported that I was a third party man, seeking to build up my own party. Being influential men, they induced many not to attend the subsequent lectures; but the audiences were, however, respectably large, and they invited me to come again. On the 4th of July, I lectured at Keene, to a very large and attentive audience. At the close, the president called a vote on the question of another lecture; the audience rose unanimously in favor of it, and I gave two more addresses there.

At Peru, I failed in getting up a meeting; tried again, and raised an audience of about twenty. Their zeal was all expended on a controversy going on about their minister, and they had none left for the slave. At last, I went through the village, and notified the inhabitants that I should lecture on the green, at 5 o'clock. This roused them. The Presbyterian house was opened, and a respectable meeting convened. I did my best, in a discourse of an hour and a half, to prove the disastrous influence of slavery on the politics and religion of the country. The lecture excited a good deal of talk, if it did nothing more. I was asked to address them again; but "the way did not open." On first day, I lectured in the Friends' meeting-house, to a pretty large audience. I made an effort to show that, as a society, their present position is pro-slavery; that they now excommunicate members for the self-same principles and conduct, which they profess to revere in Woolman and Benezet. One old man cried out that he did not see any use in saying so much about *Friends*, and moved toward the door; but as it was raining violently, he stood near the threshold, till the discourse reflected upon the *other* sects. He then seated himself, and listened very quietly to an investigation of *their* conduct as Christian bodies. I afterward attended Friends' meeting, and heard a sermon from Rachel Barker, of Poughkeepsie. She warned Friends against "mixing with others," in the abolition enterprise. She "saw death pictured in their countenances." She told them "not to let their *sympathies* influence their conduct; for that would be *womanish*." She wanted them "to keep to their meetings," and "preserve the order of society." Those who are acquainted with the abolition Friends in Peru, will have no fear that such preaching will blind their eyes, or diminish their zeal for the truth.

At Keeseville, I tried hard to get up a meeting, but could not secure the co-operation of one among the many professed abolitionists there. The Methodists complained that "their minister was opposed;" the Presbyterians, that "the trustee of their meeting-house was opposed;" the Baptists said their house was not central enough. "Save me from my friends," thought I, "and I can take care of my enemies." I proceeded to post up notices through the village, that I would lecture on slavery in the street, in front of Storrs and Brigham's store. Accordingly, at the appointed time, I began to speak from the top of a box. At the beginning, I had but two or three hearers; but curiosity soon attracted others, till I was surrounded by at least one hundred and fifty people; sturdy laborers, men who have humanity, as well as muscle, but who probably could not have been drawn into the meeting-house to hear me. A genteel passer-by tried to make fun of the scene; but he met with no sympathy, and walked away. The interest appeared to be intense; the attention completely fixed. The next day, I tried the experiment again. At first, I had but two auditors; but the street was soon thronged with an eager and attentive crowd. This time, there was a spattering of "fine broadcloth" along the outer edge of the circle. I told them how the religion of the place had rejected the cause of the slave; how I had been compelled to bring it before the humanity of the people, in the great temple of God, whose dome is the overarching sky. I felt inspired anew with freedom: and in the honest fulness of my heart, I spoke my abhorrence of *such* religion. The crowd, composed mostly of laborers, some of them Catholics, preserved the most perfect order, and listened with the utmost earnestness. Even after I had mounted my wagon to leave, they flocked about me, eager to ask questions, and bid me "go ahead."

After lecturing in several school districts, I went to Plattsburgh, where I received a hearty welcome from the few abolitionists there. My first lecture in the court-house summoned but a small audience; owing partly to a thunder-storm. The next day, notices were posted up, that a lecture would be delivered in the court-house *yard*, to prove that the hard times originated in slavery. I began at eight in the evening, and lectured till ten. I felt free and fearless, though lecturing in the dark to a crowd, and severely castigating the political parties for their vile subservience to slavery. There seemed to be profound attention; and when I closed, the throng quietly dispersed. The next evening, I lectured to a pretty large audience, on the pro-slavery guilt of the church and clergy. There are warm friends of the cause here, among whom I found a welcome home.

I returned to Peru, to hold a meeting appointed to be held in a grove, on the 1st of August; but owing to recent heavy rains, it was thought best to convene in the Methodist meeting-house. Being a very busy season among farmers, the meeting was small; but it was quite spirited. I have since lectured to large audiences in some of the neighboring towns. There is considerable third party influence in the northern part of this county, particularly in the vicinity of Champlain; but it is generally thought to be on the decline.

JOHN ORVIS.

J. Q. ADAMS.

In the course of an interesting correspondence between George Combe and Lucretia Mott, on the subject of Phrenology, he made the following remarks concerning J. Q. Adams. They will probably interest many of our readers:

DATED WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H. 1839.

"I never understood J. Q. Adams until I saw his head. It is large and long. Self-esteem, firmness, and individuality are the predominating organs. Benevolence and veneration are large; conscientiousness is average in size; and causality also only average. The propensities, particularly combativeness is considerable. This indicates a mind capable of maturing details, and of reasoning in one line, but not of testing either profound or even very comprehensive views of causation. A disposition essentially moral, but one in which self-confidence and obstinacy predominate. A mind that is always honest to itself; but yet with so little conscientiousness, that it has not always reached real, moral truth, when it believes itself actuated by truth alone. A courage which nothing can shake; sometimes degenerating into severity and bitterness. I write this from his *head*, for I do not know enough of him to be aware of his character fully from his actions. But this coincides with all I do know of his public conduct. I am led to make these remarks by reading in a newspaper, a part of his letter to the anti-slavery petitioners. He says that the 'Declaration of Independence, derives all the just power of government, from the consent of the governed.' 'It is certain that a great majority of the inhabitants of the District of Columbia, are utterly averse to the abolition of slavery among them,' 'therefore the immediate abolition of slavery cannot possibly be effected with justice to the inhabitants of the district.' This argument seems to have puzzled the newspapers. At first it appeared to me to be like reason, but I *felt* that it was unsound, and could not at first see where the fallacy lay. It seems to me to be here. He *assumes* the slaves to be chattels, and applies the Declaration of Independence to the masters alone. The maxim embodied in the Declaration is a just and true one. Apply it fairly, and the conclusion will always harmonize with reason. 'The Declaration of Independence derives all the just power of government, from the consent of the governed.' Slavery is a government, the slaves never consented to it, therefore is not a just government. It is proposed to render the slaves free. They, the parties governed, consent to emancipation. Their emancipation, therefore, is an act which Congress can perform in perfect consistency with the fundamental principles of the American Constitution. If Mr. Adams had had larger conscientiousness, he would have *felt* that there was a jarring between his principle and his conclusion, which cannot be if the principle be sound, and the argument logical. If he had had more causality he would have seen that in a moral argument, it will not do to start from an immoral principle, and expect logically to arrive at a moral conclusion."

NELSON HACKETT.

The statement concerning Nelson Hackett, in the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter, for September,* was prepared, at my request, by that zealous abolitionist and temperance man, Charles H. Stuart, esq. of Detroit, President of the Michigan Anti-Slavery Society, and Temperance Society. I requested him to write out the case, not only for the readers of anti-slavery papers in this country, but Great Britain. You know the subject has already been agitated in the British House of Commons; and if I mistake not, it will, before it is quieted, agitate very thoroughly, the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. Nothing has occurred so alarming to fugitives from slavery, as the act of Sir Charles Bagot, in surrendering poor Nelson to the tender mercies of the South. A letter from Mr. Stuart, on his way home, contains some additional information, which I send for you to insert in the Standard, if you think best.

LEWIS TAPPAN.

—

BOSTON, "En route" to Detroit, } August 19, 1842. }

Dear Sir,—In the Anti-Slavery Reporter, I see a notice of Nelson Hackett's case, before the Commons. Lord Stanley's reply, as therein given, is admirably calculated to delude; and our friends ought to be advised of its sophistry. It induces the belief, that Hackett was at large when surrendered by the Canadian authorities; and that this exercise of the comity of nations was in due course, and according to regular precedent. But it was far otherwise. Hackett was arrested on charge of larceny, *and committed to abide the charge by the Canada laws:* he was so detained several months, and for the purpose, as it now appears, not of being made amenable to British law, but of being kept safe while his owner might remedy his own defective proceedings, and procure formal documents on the Canadian government; thus the British law, in the first instance, was abused to a most unworthy purpose; and in the next, was seriously outraged, by having Hackett torn from its impartial protection, without trial, discharge, or sentence, and committed to hopeless and interminable bondage. If the Canada laws did authorize the surrender of a criminal in certain cases, as alledged by Lord Stanley, it could operate *only on persons at large:* it could not override the regular laws of the country, and tear from its custody, him who was in jail charged with offense, and waiting trial. If it could, every crime might thus find impunity: the unbailable murderer might be snatched away by a foreign demand for the criminal as a fugitive, and his surrender by the colonial government. Hackett was either legally or illegally in custody in the Canada jail. If legally, then the abuse of surrender, I notice, applies. If illegally, how monstrous was the proceeding which dared imprison an innocent man for months, until he could be legally victimized. The whole proceeding was a wicked one; and it can be palliated only by falling back on some pretext equally bad, and alike devoid of right.

Call the attention of our friends to this fact; and let the haste in which I necessarily write, excuse writing and composition. CHAS. H. STEWART.

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The American Society, some months ago, addressed the following letter to the governor of Canada, on this important subject; and received the annexed reply; which is laconic and gruff enough to sustain John Bull's general character with foreigners. A little more courtesy would have been no disparagement of Sir Charles's gubernatorial dignity, and would certainly not have been misplaced on a question involving the general interests of humanity:

—

To Sir Charles Bagot:

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society would, respectfully, propound a few questions to the governor of Canada; wishing to obtain a basis for official communication with the British government, on a subject deeply interesting to this society, and involving the welfare of American citizens.

It is stated that a colored man, by the name of Nelson Hackett, was demanded of the Canadian government, by the governor of Arkansas, on charge of having stolen a horse and a watch; and that the executive of Canada did deliver up said colored man, to the authorities of the United States.

Is it true, that a colored man, by the name of Nelson Hackett, or by any other name, was demanded of the government of Canada, by the executive of Arkansas, or by the executive of any State in the United States?

Is it true, that the government of Canada did give up any colored man, so demanded?

If it be true, on what *charge* was the man demanded?

If he was delivered up because he was charged with having stolen a horse and a watch, or any other article, will the governor of Canada please to specify to the American Anti-Slavery Society, what treaty stipulations exist between Great Britain and America, binding the two governments to surrender fugitives from justice?

We would further, respectfully inquire, what *proof* there was that said colored man had committed any theft? How did the governor of Canada *know* whether he was anything more than a fugitive from *injustice*?

No trick is so common among slaveholders, as to claim their fugitive slaves on the charge of theft. If all so charged can be delivered up, simply on the demand of slaveholding States, what security is there for the numerous subjects of Queen Victoria, who have escaped into her dominions from the tyranny of this republic?

This is an important question, involving the welfare of thousands.

Have the goodness to answer the above questions, at as early a date as you can conveniently, and thereby greatly oblige,

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

—

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE LETTER.

MONTREAL, June, 1842.

I am commanded by the governor-general of Canada, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 16th inst. propounding to him, on behalf of the American Anti-Slavery Society, certain questions in respect to the surrender of Nelson Hackett, to which you request an immediate answer.

In reply, I am to inform you, that for acts done in his official capacity, the governor-general can hold himself responsible to no one, but his own government; and that having furnished them with every information on this case which appeared to him necessary, or which they required, he must decline to answer any questions on the subject put to him by individuals.

I have the honor to be, your most obt. servant,

THOS. MURDOCK, *Chief Secretary.*

* See our first page, for the article referred to.—ED.

PHILADELPHIA RIOTS.

The following letter, concerning the riots which have cast a stain on Philadelphia, never to be effaced, was written to Lewis Tappan, by a gentleman of that city, a most sincere and disinterested friend of human freedom:

DEAR FRIEND:

You have doubtless received the copy of the Pennsylvania Freeman I mailed to you a few days since. I will add a few general remarks in relation to the riots, in our city which possibly may be of some service to you.

First. The late riots were directed exclusively against the people of color. There had been no mixing of the whites and blacks to excite the populace, as was *alledged* as a reason for burning Pennsylvania Hall. The celebrations of the First of August, were exclusively by the colored people. I know of no white persons who took part, in any way, of the celebrations in the city; except the writer, who delivered an address at the Sabbath school celebration, in the Bethel church.

Second. The riot was not occasioned by anything which occurred on the First of August. It was *premeditated.* I heard it talked about weeks before. Several of my friends urged me to keep away from the meeting at the Bethel, at least two weeks before the First; giving as a reason, that it was the general talk down town, that there was to be a great mob on that day, and that I would be in danger of losing my life.

Third. The proposed national convention, which was to have been held in our city, was much talked of for several weeks before the First of August. The holding of such a convention was much objected to. The idea that the colored people had rights, which they intended to talk about in general convention, could not be endured. Some of our papers spoke against the convention. The baser sort were encouraged, and soon declared, that the convention should *not* be held. The rumsellers in the lower part of our city took advantage of this state of feeling, and endeavored to turn it against the efforts the colored people were making in the cause of temperance.

Fourth. The large number of persons now out of employ in the city, served to make material for a mob. And, then the idea that some of the colored people were employed, while *they* were not, served to excite them. They seemed to think, if they could destroy the colored people, they could get all the work.

Fifth. The spirit manifested by the late mobs, seemed to be more cruel and wicked than anything of the kind I have ever before witnessed. Their object seemed to be, *death and destruction.*

Lastly. The public authorities of your city, and of our city, are doubtless responsible for this, and for all the mobs we have had of late years; by reason of their not doing their duty, when the riots of 1835 first commenced.

Very truly, your friend,

SAMUEL D. HASTINGS.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 1, 1842.

AN ARGUMENT ON THE UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF SLAVERY.—BY G. W. F. MELLEN.

This work has the merit of having collected, into a convenient compass, all the most important acts and declarations of the framers and ratifiers of the federal Constitution, touching the subject of slavery. In this view, it has considerable value; and may be read with pleasure and advantage.

The proposition, which the author undertakes to prove, is, that the Constitution prohibits slavery; and that any slave, in any State, who chose, after its adoption, to avail himself of its provisions in his favor, or who may now choose to do so, must be set free by a judicial decision. I do not, by any means, think that this proposition is, or can be, proved; but the book does contain enough to show, beyond a reasonable doubt, that it was the intention of the authors of the Constitution to do that, which they supposed would ultimately *lead* to the abolition of slavery. A majority of them sincerely believed that it could not long survive the abolition of the African slave *trade*. In all probability, this delusion did not extend to all, or to many, of the delegates of slave States. They had already seen the effect of an incipient domestic traffic in slaves; and were aware that so far as it went, it *increased their value*. It is not conceivable, that when the question of cutting off totally the *foreign* supply was agitated, they should not have cast their thoughts forward, and anticipated, in some measure at least, the effect of a complete monopoly of the United States' slave market. In point of fact, we know very well that the delegates of South Carolina and Georgia did so; because it was they who abridged the power of Congress over commerce, so far as to exempt the African slave trade from that power, during twenty years; on the very ground that they would otherwise be compelled to come to Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, for slaves, and pay an *extravagant price for them.* On the other hand, we hear not a word about any such consequence from the delegates of the latter States. It seems to have best suited their views to keep *still.* One would have supposed that this was sufficient to have opened the eyes of the real friends of liberty. It appears, however, that it did not. At any rate, this is the most charitable conclusion. The delusion propagated, at that time, by the publications of British abolitionists, that the extermination of the African slave *trade* would prove to be the extermination of *slavery itself*, seems to have prevailed over considerations which, under other circumstances, would have startled such men as Franklin, Wilson, Gerry, and King.

That the northern statesmen of that day sincerely believed that they had provided, by the Constitution, for the ultimate and not distant abolition of slavery, is shown by the standing reply of the friends of the Constitution, called *federalists*, to the *democrats* of *that* day, who objected to the system that it sanctioned slavery. That reply was, in substance, what was said by the Hon. Thomas Dawes, in the convention of Massachusetts, for ratifying or rejecting the Constitution. Mr. Dawes observed, that "though slavery was not smitten by an apoplexy, yet it had received a mortal wound, and would die of consumption." Here is some confusion of metaphor, but the meaning is plain enough. Others, in the same convention, contended for the superiority of the proposed Constitution, over the articles of confederation, on the ground that the latter took no step whatever towards the abolition of slavery; whereas the former had done so, by providing that, after twenty years, Congress might put an end to the slave trade.

These arguments are fatal to the theory set up in Mr. Mellen's work; for if the friends of the Constitution in the State conventions (many of them the very men who framed it) could have met the objections of the anti-federalists, grounded on the alledged admission of slavery, by showing that it would be directly and totally *abolished* by the adoption of the proposed system, would they not have done so? Again, in the debate on the first petition on the subject of slavery, presented to Congress in 1790, not a word was said, on any side, of any power in Congress to abolish slavery. A great number of the framers of the Constitution were members of that Congress, and several of them took part in the debate. Again, what a complication of fraud and chicanery does it involve, to suppose that the same men, who guaranteed to the South the continuance, for twenty years, of the foreign slave trade, intended, in the same breath, to set immediately at liberty both the slaves already here, and those arriving, as fast as they should reach our shores! So that the charges of hypocrisy and knavery, which Mr. Mellen thinks must apply to our Revolutionary fathers, if they did *not* intend, by the Constitution, directly to abolish slavery, will certainly apply to them if they *did* so intend.

Mr. Mellen's book is written in a mild and persuasive manner, and cannot fail to produce a favorable influence on the rankest opponents of abolition, if they can be induced to examine it; while it contains many facts, and quotations, which should be adopted into the armory of abolitionists.—D. L. C.

TEETH.

The prevalence of defective teeth in this country is the general subject of remark by foreigners; and whoever has travelled in Spain and Portugal is struck with the superior soundness and whiteness of teeth in those countries. Though not a cleanly people in other respects, they wash their teeth often, and by means of tooth-picks, carefully remove all substances from between them, after meals. A little silver porcupine, with holes all over its back, to insert tooth-picks, is a common ornament on the dining-tables of Spain and Portugal. The general use of them creates so large a demand, that students at Coimbra sometimes support themselves by whittling tooth-picks, which are sold, tied in small bunches, like matches. They are made of willow, on account of its toughness and pliability. Tooth-picks of metal are too hard, and are apt to injure the gums. There is the same objection, in a less degree, to quills. But willow tooth-picks are preferable to all others; and they have the advantage of being the most cleanly; for they usually break in the using, and are thrown away. Few sights are more offensive to a person of any refinement, than a tooth-pick that has been much used; it is moreover uncleanly, and therefore not healthy for the teeth. Food allowed to remain between the teeth, particularly animal food, is very destructive; it should be carefully removed after every meal, and the mouth thoroughly rinsed. This may seem to many like a great talk about a small matter; but these are simple precautions to take, and very slight trouble, compared with the agony of aching teeth, or a breath so offensive that your best friend does not wish to sit near you. I can see no reason why a man's complexion should exclude him from the dining-table, but I do see a very good reason why he should be banished for not taking proper care of his teeth. A bad breath is such a detestable thing, that it might be a sufficient reason for not marrying a person with otherwise agreeable qualities. It is moreover, perfectly inexcusable thus to transform oneself into a walking sepulchre. Nobody needs to have an offensive breath. A careful removal of substances from between the teeth, rinsing the mouth after meals, and a bit of charcoal held in the mouth, will *always* cure a bad breath. Charcoal used as a dentifrice, (that is, rubbed on in powder, with a brush) is apt to injure the enamel; but a lump of it held in the mouth, two or three times a week, and slowly chewed, has a wonderful power to preserve the teeth, and purify the breath. The action is purely chemical. It counteracts the acid arising from a disordered stomach, or food decaying about the gums; and it is this acid which destroys the teeth. A dear friend of ours had, when about twenty years of age, a front tooth that turned black gradually, crumbled, and broke off piecemeal. By frequently chewing charcoal, the progress of decay was not only arrested, but nature set vigorously to work to restore the breach, and the crumbled portion grew again, till the whole tooth was as sound as before! This I know to be a fact.

Every one knows that charcoal is an antiputrescent, and is used in boxing up animal or vegetable substances, to keep them from decay. Upon the same chemical principle, it tends to preserve the teeth, and sweeten the breath.

There is no danger in swallowing it; on the contrary, small quantities have a healthful effect on the inward system, particularly when the body is suffering from that class of complaints peculiarly incident to summer. It would not be wise to swallow that, or any gritty substance, in large quantities, or very frequently; but once or twice a week, a little would be salutary, rather than otherwise. A bit of charcoal, as big as a cherry, merely held in the mouth a few hours, without chewing, has a good effect. At first, most people, dislike to chew it, but use soon renders it far from disagreeable. Those who are troubled with an offensive breath, might chew it very often, and swallow it but seldom. It is peculiarly important to clean and rinse the mouth thoroughly before going to bed; otherwise a great deal of the destructive acid will form during the night.

If these hints induce only *one* person to take better care of the teeth, I shall be more than rewarded for the trouble of writing. I am continually pained to see young people losing their teeth merely for want of a few simple precautions; and one cannot enter stage or steam car without finding the atmosphere polluted, and rendered absolutely unhealthy for the lungs to breathe, when a proper use of water and charcoal might render it as wholesome and pleasant, as a breeze of Eden.—L. M. C.

JOHN JAY'S LECTURE.

This noble-spirited and well-written address is thus noticed by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter:

The progress and results of Emancipation in the English West Indies. A lecture delivered before the Philomathian Society of New-York. By John Jay. Published by request. New-York: 1842.

This admirable pamphlet is another interesting and decisive illustration of the influence which the British act of emancipation is to exert upon the world.

It is matter of the highest gratification, and the richest promise, that the literary societies of the United States should select such a topic for public discourses, and that men so distinguished as the author of the present pamphlet, should undertake the composition and delivery of them. Such things cannot be without their fruit. Mr. Jay has done ample justice to his subject. In the rapid view which we have necessarily taken, we have been struck much with the beauty of the composition, more with the nobleness of the sentiments, and most of all with the truth and fidelity of the history.

NELSON HACKETT.

We trust all abolitionists will pay good attention to this interesting case. Lawyers, especially, we hope, will read all the extract from the American and Foreign Reporter, and all the communications on the inside. No one but the poor fugitive, who has narrowly escaped with his life, into Canada, from snaky swamps, baying bloodhounds, loaded rifles, and northern constables, can fully realize how discouraging, how frightful is this precedent. In the name of humanity, let not this only resource be cut off by the policy of nations!

We stated some weeks since, that this very important case had been referred to in the British House of Commons; but wishing abolitionists to understand it in all its bearings, and pay earnest heed to all the statements, we again repeat it:

Mr. Hawes wished to ask the noble Lord the Secretary of State for the Colonies, if it was true that, on the 17th of January last, a person of color, named Nelson Hackett, was confined in Canada, was demanded back by the authorities of the United States as a fugitive from justice, it being well understood that a fugitive from justice meant nothing more than a runaway slave; and there being, as he was informed, no other charge against him, he was delivered up by the Canadian authorities, sent to Arkansas, lodged in the jail of Detroit, and sent back to the hands of his old master. He wished to know whether this statement was corre

tions to be such as would authorize his committal in Canada, complied with the provisions of the act, and gave him up to the authorities of Arkansas.

The *British* and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter says:

We read the answer of Lord Stanley to the question of Mr. Hawes with both surprise and alarm. As to being a fugitive *from justice*, that is the light in which the Americans of the South regard every fugitive slave; nor is there one of them against whom a charge of burglary may not be vamped up, supported by as long a tissue of false "depositions," as the most fastidious governor may require. If there be "an act" authorizing the government and executive council of Canada to deliver up fugitive slaves on such a pretext, the sooner it is repealed the better. We confess, however, that we should like to have proof of it; and especially that it authorizes the imprisonment of a free man (for *in Canada* the fugitive slave is free) for several months without any charge or deposition at all. Prompt and very serious notice must be taken of this matter; and we hope that Mr. Hawes will immediately follow up his question, by moving for a copy of the act referred to, and all the papers connected with the case.

ANECDOTE OF BENJAMIN LAY.

Our readers will not have forgotten this singular-looking, but excellent old man, whose biography was recorded in the Standard, as the earliest advocate of emancipation in this country.

A member of the Society of Friends has had the kindness to hand us the following anecdote of that eccentric character: "An eminent minister from England being on a religious visit to the United States, was requested to call on Benjamin Lay, who was much respected for his humble, upright course of life, though some considered him an enthusiast on the subject of slavery.

The English Friend, accompanied by some elders, called upon him, and had an opportunity for a full and free expression of his sentiments, and the exercise of his mind on this very important subject. At parting, the English Friend took him warmly by the hand, and said: 'Farewell, Benjamin. Thou seemest to some to stumble on the right hand, and to others to stumble on the left; but if thou perseverest, I believe thou wilt stumble into the kingdom at last.'"

PHILADELPHIA FAIR.

At the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Society, it was resolved to hold a Fair this autumn; the proceeds to be divided between the Pennsylvania and American Anti-Slavery Societies. Our friends in the city are going to make great exertions; and their work is all *up* stream. We do hope our friends in the interior of the State will give a liberal helping hand, as well as a hearty "God speed." Let no one refrain, from the idea that the contribution may seem small. The *motive* dignifies and sanctifies all. A box of eggs given in the name of human freedom becomes invested with a portion of the moral grandeur of the principle it represents. Such donations as these, country friends can give more conveniently than money; and since people *will* eat, even in the hardest times, we would recommend them to lay by some of their nicely-packed butter, cheeses, eggs, dried fruit, preserved fruit, &c. as a donation to the slave. These kind of things are sure to sell, even at seasons when people cannot afford to buy mere superfluities.

The following resolution was passed at the Pennsylvania State Anti-Slavery meeting at Norristown. We hope the recommendation it contains will not be in vain:

Resolved, That since Fairs have become one of the most successful instrumentalities, not only for creating and sustaining a lively interest in our cause, but for raising funds for carrying on its operations, this society would earnestly recommend to the men and women of this State to unite themselves into circles, and to secure the co-operation of all the abolitionists within their respective limits, to assist in making the Fair proposed to be held in Philadelphia the approaching winter, one of the most valuable and interesting ever held in this State.

Communications and packages to be directed *to Sarah Pugh or Anne M. Hopper, directed to the Anti-Slavery Office, 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.*

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 31.

From childhood, I have had a most absorbing passion for flowers. What unheard of quantities of moss and violets have I trailed from their shady birthplace, to some little nook, which fate allowed me, for the time being, to call my home! And then, how I have pitied the poor things, and feared they would not be so happy, as if I had left them alone. Yet flowers ever seemed to thrive with me, as if they knew I loved them. Perchance they *did*; for invisible radii, inaudible language, goeth forth from the souls of all things. Nature ever sees and hears it; as man would, were it not for his *self-listening*.

The flowers have spoken to me more than I can tell in written words. They are the hieroglyphies of angels, loved by all men for the beauty of the character, though few can decypher even fragments of their meaning. Minerals, flowers, and birds, among a thousand other tri-une ideas, ever speak to me of the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Past, like minerals, with their fixed forms of gorgeous but unchanging beauty; the Present, like flowers, growing and ever changing—bud, blossom, and seed vessel—seed, bud, and blossom, in endless progression; the Future, like birds, with winged aspirations, and a voice that sings into the clouds. Not separate are past, present, and future; but one evolved from the other, like the continuous, ever-rising line of the spiral: And not separate are minerals, vegetables, and animals. The same soul pervades them all; they are but higher and higher types of the self-same Ideas; spirally they rise, one out of the other. Strike away one curve in the great growth of the universe, and the stars themselves would fall. Some glimpses of these arcana were revealed to the ancients; hence the spiral line occurs frequently among the sacred and mysterious emblems in their temples.

There is an astronomical theory that this earth, by a succession of spiral lines, is changing its position, until its poles will be brought into harmonious relation with the poles of the heavens; then sunshine will equally overspread the globe, and Spring become perpetual. I know not whether this theory be correct; but I think it is—for reasons not at all allied with astronomical knowledge. If the millenium, so long prophesied, ever comes, if the lion and the lamb ever lie down together within the souls of men, the outward world must likewise come into divine order, and the poles of the earth will harmonize with the poles of the heavens; then shall universal Spring reign without, the emblem and offspring of universal Peace within.

Everywhere in creation, we find visible types of these ascending series. Everything is interlinked; each reaches one hand upward and one downward, and touching palms, each is interclasped with all above and all below. Plainly is this truth written on the human soul, both in its individual and universal progress; and *therefore* it is inscribed on all material forms. But yesterday, I saw a plant called the Crab Cactus, most singularly like the animal from which it takes its name. My companion said it was "a strange freak of Nature." But I knew it was no *freak*. I saw that the cactus and the crab meant the same thing—one on a higher plane than the other. The singular plant was the point where fish and vegetable touched palms; where the ascending spiral circles passed into each other. There is another Cactus that resembles the Sea Urchin; and another, like the Star-fish. In fact, they all seem allied to the crustaceous tribe of animals; and from the idea, which this embodies, sprung the fancy that fairies of the earth sometimes formed strange union with merrows of the sea. Every fancy, the wildest and the strangest, is somewhere in the universe of God, a fact.

Another indication of interlinking series is found in the Zoophytes, the strangest of all links between the vegetable and animal world; sometimes growing from a stem like a plant, and radiating like a blossom, yet devouring insects and digesting them, like an animal. Behold minerals in their dark mines! how they strive toward efflorescence, in picturesque imitation of foliage and tendrils, and roots, and tangled vines. Such minerals are approaching the circle of creation that lies above them, and from which they receive their life; mineral and vegetable here touch palms, and pass the electric fluid that pervades all life.

As the approach of different planes in existence is indicated in forms, so is it in character and uses. Among minerals, the magnet points ever to the North; so is there a plant in the prairies, called by travellers the Polar Plant, or Indian Compass, because the horizontal plane of its leaf points due North and South, without other variation than the temporary ruffling of the breeze.

If these secrets were clearly read, they might throw much light on the science of healing, and perhaps reconcile the clashing claims of mineral and vegetable medicines. Doubtless every substance in Nature is an antidote to some physical evil; owing to some spiritual cause, as fixed as the laws of mathematics, but not as easily perceived. The toad, when bitten by a spider, goes to the plantain leaf, and is cured; the bird, when stung by the yellow serpent, flies to the Guaco plant, and is healed. If we knew what spiritual evil was represented by the spider's poison, and what spiritual good by the plantain leaf, we should probably see the mystery revealed. Good always overcomes the evil, which is its perverted form; thus love casteth out hatred, truth overcomes falsehood, and suspicion cannot live before perfect frankness. Always, and everywhere is evil overcome with good; and because it is so in the soul of man, it is and must be in all the laws and operations of Nature.

"There are influences yet unthought, and virtues, and many inventions,
And uses, above and around, which man hath not yet regarded.
——— There be virtues yet unknown in the wasted foliage of the elm,
In the sun-dried bare bell of the downs, and the hyacinth drinking in the meadows:
In the sycamore's winged fruit, and the facet-cut cones of the cedar;
And the pansy and bright geranium live not alone for beauty,
Nor the waxen flower of the arbute, though it dieth in a day;
Nor the sculptured crest of the fir, unseen but by the stars;
And the meanest weed of the garden serveth unto many uses;
The salt tamarisk, and juicy flag, the freckled arum, and the daisy.
For every green herb, from the lotus to the darnel,
Is rich with delicate aids to help incurious man."

"There is a final *cause* for the aromatic gum, that congealeth the moss around a rose:
A *reason* for each blade of grass, that reareth its small spire.
How knoweth discontented man what a train of ills might follow,
If the lowest menial of nature knew not her secret office?
In the perfect circle of creation not an atom could be spared,
From earth's magnetic zone to the bindweed round a hawthorn.
The briar and the palm have the wages of life, rendering secret service."

I did not *intend* to write thus mystically; and I feel that these are thoughts that should be spoken into your private ear, not published to the world. To some few they may, perchance, awaken a series of aspiring thoughts, till the highest touch the golden harps of heaven, and fill the world with celestial echoes. But to most they will seem an ambitious attempt to write something, which is in fact nothing. Be it so. I have spoken in a language which few can understand, and none can teach or learn. It writes itself in sunbeams, on flowers, gems, and an infinity of forms. I know it at a glance; but I learned it in no school. When I go home and shut the door, it speaks to me, as if it were a voice; but amid the multitude, the sound is hushed.

This which people call the real world, is not real to me; all its sights seem to me shadows, all its sounds echoes. I live at service in it, and sweep dead leaves out of paths, and dust mirrors, and do errands, as I am bid; but glad am I when work is done, to go *home* to rest. Then do I enter a golden palace, with light let in only from above; and all forms of beauty are on the walls, from the seraph before God's throne, to the rose-tinted shell on the sea shore.

I strove *not* to speak in mysticism; and lo, here I am, as the Germans would say, "up in the blue," again. I know not how it is, my thoughts to-day are like birds of paradise; they have no feet, and will not light on earth.

I began to write about flowers with the utmost simplicity; not meaning to twine of them a ladder of garlands from the finite to the infinite. The whole fabric arose from my looking into the blue eyes of my German Forget-me-Not, which seems so much like a babe just wakening from a pleasant dream. Then my heart blessed flowers from its inmost depths. I thought of the beautiful story of the Italian child laid on the bed of death with a wreath among his golden ringlets, and a boquet in his little cold hand. They had decked him thus for the angels; but when they went to place him in his coffin, lo, the little cherub was sitting up playing with the flowers.

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage-altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far East, delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far West claps his hands with glee, as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scripture of the prairies. The cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange buds are the bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine.

All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine around the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.

"Flowers are around me bright of hue,
The quaint, old favorites, and the new,
In form and color infinite,
Each one a creature of delight.
But with this fair array is brought
Full many a deep and holy thought;
And for me garden-beds and bowers,
Like the old pictures of the flowers,
Within their bloomy depths enshrine
Ever some sentiment divine."

L. M. C.

☞ Charles C. Burleigh is to make a visit to Pennsylvania this autumn, and lecture in Bucks, Chester, Delaware, and Lancaster counties. He promises to do all he *can* in four weeks; and few men can do as much. All who have heard his fervid, yet most judicious eloquence, will wish to hear him again and again. We cannot feel reconciled that his tongue should go mute, and he become a mere editor. See an admirable letter from him on the first page.

☞ We stop exchanging with the Nantucket Inquirer, because he is in the habit of copying whole columns from the National Anti-Slavery Standard without any manner of credit; a course we by no means deem honest.

Anti-Slavery Items.

Good News.—Hon. J. R. Giddings, has written a very cheering letter to the editor of the "Declaration of Independence," on the annexation of Texas. He thinks that the project will be defeated; and says that the subject of northern rights has attracted more attention at Washington, for the last six months, than ever.

The Slave Trade at Mozambique.—Extract of a letter from a naval officer.—The slave trade is here quite stopped. There is not a single vessel in any of the ports in the channel. The Portuguese government has given such peremptory orders to their governors, that they dare not sanction it. If any vessels slip through our hands, they are seized by their own authorities. Mozambique is in consequence completely ruined.—*Nautical Magazine.*

Nantucket Mobs.—The Nantucket papers are full of excitement, concerning the late riots. Some of them, as usual, trying to throw all the blame on the abolitionists. The Nantucket Islander, comes out boldly, for the largest freedom. It says:

"An anti-slavery convention assembled in this place on the evening of the 9th inst. The language employed by some of the speakers in that convention was very strong, but not more so than we have heard in churches, in legislative bodies, and in political meetings. Our sovereign lord, the mob, took offense, and stones and rotten eggs were thrown in at the Athenæum windows, on sundry occasions."

* * * * * *

"Throughout the whole affair, the conduct of the 'Fathers of the Town' has been that of very indulgent parents towards very bad children. Had they exerted themselves to that end, they could not have done more than they did towards encouraging the mob to destroy the lives and property of unpopular individuals. According to the spirit of the law, we have not the slightest doubt that every one of them can be indicted for aiding, abetting, and encouraging riotous proceedings, through their neglect to use the ample means which the law has carefully placed within their reach, to be used for the preservation of the public peace. It should be borne in mind, that the authorities who do nothing towards the suppression of a riot, are guilty of a gross neglect of duty, and thus stand in a very different position from private citizens, who can only make use of words. Of this gross neglect of duty, we have no hesitation in saying that our Selectmen have been guilty."

Cuba.—There was great antipathy felt by the people of Havana, against D. Turnbull, Esq. the late British consul, on account of his having taken such an active part in carrying out the views of his government, in putting an end to the slave trade, so much so, that he was obliged to take *refuge* on board of the *Rodney*. J. T. Crawford, Esq. the newly appointed British consul, has arrived and taken office.

Slave *versus* Master.—The Niagara Courier, published at Lockport, New-York, says:

"A good deal of excitement existed among our citizens last Sunday and Monday, and especially among the colored population, in consequence of the arrest, detention, and examination of a negro slave, brought to this place by his master, last Saturday evening, from the Falls. It appears, from what we can ascertain of the facts, that a gentleman from the South, by the name of Thompson, had been tarrying some days at the Falls, with his sisters, and the negro man in question. The slave kept the keys of his master's room and trunks, and, on a convenient opportunity, as is reported, pocketed some five hundred dollars of his master's cash, and escaped into Canada. The master offered a large reward for the recovery of his slave and money, whereupon a number of constables from this side, went in pursuit, and succeeded in arresting him near Waterloo, in Canada. Partly by persuasion, and partly by intimidation, they prevailed upon him to return to his master—got him into a boat, hurried him across the river, and gave him up to his owner. It is said the money was also restored. Mr. Thompson immediately started with his slave, in an extra train of cars, for this place, intending, as has been supposed, to return with him to the South. On his arrival here, it was discovered by some of the abolitionists, that he had a black man in keeping, who wished to have his freedom, and efforts were at once taken to set him at liberty. He was, accordingly, at a late hour on Saturday night, taken, by *habeas corpus*, from his master's quarters, at the Eagle tavern, where he was found closely locked up, and carried before Joseph Center, Esq. Supreme Court Commissioner, by whom, after due examination, and the declaration of the slave that he desired his liberty, he was declared a free man. Upon this, he was arrested for the theft of his master's money, upon the complaint of one of the persons who accompanied his master to this place. He was taken before Justice Leonard, early Sunday morning, and, after a short investigation, was committed for further examination on Monday. When the prisoner was brought into court on Monday, his master, and the persons who assisted in bringing him here, had left the place, and there *was no one to appear against him.* The magistrate, however, after the examination of *one* or *two witnesses*, decided *to commit him* for trial. Upon this, he was again taken before Commissioner Center, by *habeas corpus*, by whom, after a short hearing, at the request of the district attorney, he was committed for further examination on Saturday next, at 2 o'clock, in the afternoon.

Jamaica.—The following statements in the Kingston (Jamaica) Journal, concerning the Savings' Bank in that place, indicate the improving condition of the emancipated peasantry:

1839—First year invested	£2,132
1840—Second year invested	3,410
1841—Third year invested	3,805
1842—Fourth year invested	4,792

A Lesson for American Quakers.—The following extract from "The Friend," respecting the proceedings of the London Yearly meeting, shows that the English Friends, not only unite with other philanthropists in the anti-slavery society, but that the Quaker fund itself, at the disposal of the standing committee, called the "Meeting for Sufferings," is made to contribute largely to the anti-slavery treasury:

"Interesting reports from nine boarding schools, under the care of Friends, introduced the subject of education, and occupied the meeting one session. Slavery and the slave trade, still carried on, and increasing with horror and destruction of our fellow-men and women, 'having a skin not colored like our own,' was feelingly deliberated on and discussed. With the wonted liberality of our transatlantic brethren, a large fund has been raised, by a general subscription through the quarterly meetings, to promote the abolition of the slave trade, and placed in charge of the Meeting for Sufferings; £800 sterling, or about four thousand dollars, of which have been paid over to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, for the above purpose. That meeting was encouraged to give two thousand dollars more, and Friends were invited to make additions to this fund in the course of this year."

Desperate Runaway Slaves Taken.—The Annapolis Republican, states, that five runaway negroes, from Calvert county, who had been harbored by a slave, on a farm on South river, were taken last week, after a desperate encounter. Two of them had been there for a long time. The neighborhood suffered from their thievings for subsistence, which circumstance led to their detection, on Saturday last. Means were instantly taken for capture, and they fought desperately; the life of a white man who first approached, being providentially saved by the point of the scythe, with which a blow was aimed at him, having struck the joist, and being driven into it with such great force that the negro, had not time to withdraw it. It became necessary to use summary means to secure them, and one of them was shot while running, and although traced by the blood from his wound a considerable distance, had not, at last advices, been found. One of the negroes went up the chimney, and on smoking him to make him come down, it was found that he was wedged in, and it became necessary to remove a portion of the chimney, to get him out. Much injury was done to the furniture and property about, being broken by the negroes, and used by them as defensive weapons. Three of the negroes are secured in the jail at Annapolis.—*Sun.*

Escape of Slaves.—M. Schœlcher, in his recent work on "Slavery in the French Colonies," says:

"Neither vigilance nor known perils can stop the slaves. The irrepressible desire of liberty which exists in man makes them I are all, and suggests to them admirable plans for the attainment of their object. The following fact presents a feature so original that it deserves to be recorded. It came to us from the mouth of an inhabitant.

"Five negroes of Guadaloupe formed a project of escaping from the coast adjacent to Antigua. Two of them failed at the hour of rendezvous, and, on arriving at the spot, saw their three associates, who, fearing treachery, were already on the sea. Running with all haste to the house of M. X. their master, they cry, 'Master, see; three negroes are escaping.' M. X. gives a glass of rum to the faithful informers, throws himself with them into a boat, and with the force of oars pursues the fugitives; but, with every effort of the two rowers, they can only keep the chase in sight. 'Master, there are three against two.' M. X. takes off his white vest, and applies himself to the oar. At length they arrive at Antigua. The three negroes land first; M. X. follows in his turn; and then his two negroes exclaim, 'Good master, we did not know how to rejoin the canoe, which had failed us; you have brought us yourself; thanks!' and they fled from him. M. X. demanded redress, but found he could obtain none. The next day he was obliged, sorrowfully, to hire some people, in order to return to Guadaloupe."

The Washington Market.—A single number of the National Intelligencer contains eight advertisements for runaway slaves. The correspondent of the New-York Evangelist writes:

"The man market, too, of this great centre of the American slave trade, is unusually brisk, just now.—The *fall supply of goods* for the cotton and sugar region, is now beginning to be called for; and the traders in human souls are proportionally more active to meet it. Their advertisements are found in the papers; and many breaking hearts tell of their success in furnishing the distant markets with 'lots to suit purchasers.' Your readers will please to remember that we *have* Bibles, Sabbaths, revivals, and other good things in this city, for all that! Yes, and we have a *swift account* to give to our final Judge!"

Rhode Island.—The charter party we regard as hostile to the rights of man, and animated by the spirit of ancient despotism. The suffrage party we consider perfectly unprincipled, and under the control of aspiring demagogues. Both of them deserve the severest condemnation of every genuine friend of liberty; for they neither fear God nor regard man, but strike hands together to deny the colored citizen his just rights, and to make him a political nonentity.—*Liberator.*

Congress.

The tariff bill, that everlasting theme, the subject of intense anxiety to manufacturers of various classes, and of fierce party excitement, was again taken up in a revised form, after the veto. It was so amended as to leave out the Distribution clause, and the duty on tea and coffee imported in American ships. In this form, it passed the House, yeas 105, nays 102. It has now passed the Senate, with some amendments, reducing the duties on iron, watches, silver-ware, &c.; yeas 24, nays 23. It is generally supposed that the House will concur in the amendments, and that the President will sign the bill.

The President has laid before the Senate, for advice and consent, a commercial treaty recently concluded with Texas.

The bill known as "the remedial justice bill," and designed to submit henceforth *all cases like McLeod's*, to the *exclusive* jurisdiction of the courts of the United States, wants only the signature of the President to become a law.

THE ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR PLAN.

The following Resolution was unanimously passed at the late Annual Meeting:

Resolved, That a "ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR" Subscription List be commenced, and that Individuals, Parties, Societies, and Towns, be earnestly requested to be parties thereto.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account.

Amount previously acknowledged,	$5,500
56 Westerly, R. I. (by James Monroe)	100
57 Washington and Fiskville villages, R. I. (by James Monroe,	100

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

Acknowledged by request of James Monroe.

For the Standard.—C. C. Stillman, New London, Ct. $4; Pawtucket Anti-Slavery Society, $25.

Donations.—Ardelia Darby, Killingly, Ct. 50 cents; Daniel Gould, Arkwright Village, R. I. $3; Mary Anthony, Kelton Girls, Coventry, R. I. each $3; Hardin Fisk, Sarah Knowles, Susan Ann Gould, Fiskville, R. I. each $1; J. W. Gould, do. do. do. $2; ——— Dawley, East Greenwich, R. I. $1; East Greenwich Social Circle, $16.

☞ The other acknowledgments are deferred this week, on account of the absence of the Treasurer.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

ENGLAND.

In the House of Commons, there has been considerable talk about the treaties of amity and commerce between Great Britain and Texas.

Mr. O'Connell said the treaties with Texas had been laid on the table at so late a period of the session, that no opportunity had been afforded of bringing under the consideration of the house the state in which those treaties left the communication between this country and Texas. There was a law in Texas that no free subject of color should remain there longer than a certain time. He should feel it his duty, whenever a convenient opportunity arrived, to call the attention of the house to the subject.

Lord Palmerston said he believed the laws in Texas were precisely the same as the laws in the southern States of the United States.

Mr. O'Connell said it was only in the State of Carolina that the law existed.

Lord Palmerston said that so far from the Texan government being at our mercy, we were, on the contrary, at their mercy. [Hear.] They had already secured the recognition of their independence, by treaties with the United States of America, with France, and the Netherlands; and the question came to this, whether the commerce between England and Texas should be placed on the same footing as the commerce between Texas and other countries, or whether we should be exposed to disadvantages to which other States were not subject?

Mr. C. Buller said that he did not think it would be proper to require of a State to alter its internal laws on entering into a treaty with another country.

Mr. Labouchere thought that the house had no business to interfere in such questions as the present. It was a subject for the consideration of the governments of different countries.

Mr. Hume said he should consider that it would be most desirable that our government should interfere, if possible, to prevent the hostilities which had taken place between Mexico and Texas. Those hostilities would necessarily produce great misery in those States, and would necessarily greatly inconvenience British trade.

Sir Robert Peel said every effort in the power of the British government would be made, to contribute to the restoration of tranquillity in those countries.

Lord Brougham, in his eloquent speech on the slave trade, showed that it was encouraged, principally, at the present time, by British speculation. Cuba and Brazil he considered the great wrong-doers in the matter. In two years, 142 vessels arrived at Havana, with 52,000 slaves. At Rio, in the three years ending 1839, the number of vessels which arrived was 244, having on board 901,000 slaves.

The Duke of Wellington said that the government were anxious that some measure should be brought in, which would be effectual in putting an end to the evil, and promised that ministers should support a bill, if Lord Brougham would draw one up.

On the 26th, in the house, the colonial passengers' bill was under consideration. Mr. Hawes contended that, under the present measure, there was a chance of reviving the slave trade under another name; and that, without any such measure, the West Indies were progressing, by their own energy and exertions, and required no such adventitious aid. The honorable member concluded by moving the omission of the clause relating to the transportation of laborers in those colonies. Mr. Banks contended for the emigration of East India laborers, and said there could be no doubt but they would meet with sufficient protection. Mr. Mangles contended that the emigration of Hill Coolies would be equally beneficial to the colonies and the emigrants themselves. Mr. Hogg had no objection to East India laborers going where they pleased to obtain employment, provided their emigration was voluntary; but he believed the great majority of them were trepanned, knowing nothing where they were going to, or the nature of the labor they would have to undergo. How could we hope that foreign nations would fall into our views with respect to the abolition of the slave trade, when they saw us passing a measure so very like the slave trade in its operation, if not so in its principle? Lord Stanley contended that the bill was calculated to prove beneficial to the colonies, as well as to the laborers, to protect whom very sufficient arrangement were provided. Amendment negatived, by 118 to 24.

FRANCE.

The house in Paris to which the Duke of Orleans was conveyed, after his fall, was purchased by the civil list, for 110,000f. including the adjoining ground, upon which his majesty intends to erect a chapel.

CHINA.

It was said that Yang, an imperial commissioner, was *en route* to offer 40,000,000 dollars, as compensation to the British for the expense of the war and the surrendered opium; also the cession of Hong Kong, as the price of peace.

The Chinese had already commenced removing the ruins and rubbish preparatory to rebuilding the Bogue forts.

Some fighting had taken place at Ningpo, in which 1,100 British routed 6,000 Chinese, with the loss of from 500 to 700 slain. The English had three killed and forty wounded.

The United States frigate, Constellation, commander Kearney, and the United States corvette, Boston, commander Long, have arrived in China. The American merchants will now demand satisfaction for the gross outrage committed by the Chinese authorities on the boat of the "Morrison," and the murder of one of the crew; and if necessary, both the Constellation and Boston will vindicate the honor of the United States flag by exacting from the Chinese a most heavy retribution for their most treacherous violation of international law. —*Journal of Commerce.*

TURKEY.

A war is said to have broken out between Turkey and Persia. A Persian army is already in march to the Turkish frontier. The Shah of Persia has also given orders to all his subjects resident in Turkey to return home; but it appears that the Porte will not allow any of them to depart until their pecuniary engagements be all fulfilled. It is rumored that Russia, not Great Britain, has been appealed to as a mediator by both parties.

TEXAS.

For the hundredth time, there is a rumor that Mexico is certainly about to invade Texas; that Gen. Reis is marching toward that country, with 4,000 men, and that the orders of Santa Anna are to *take no prisoners.* A handbill, copied into the Diario, begins thus: "Mexicans, to arms! blood and fire to the Texans!" This is probably a mere ruse on the part of Santa Anna, to keep the Mexican people amused.

The vessel which brings from Vera Cruz, J. L. Dorsey, Esq. bearer of Mexican despatches to our government, brings news that great excitement prevailed in Mexico against the United States; and the day before sailing, a violent and abusive proclamation was issued, calling on the people to resist aggression from the United States. The army amounted to upwards of 50,000 men, and was daily receiving additions: 20,000 had been ordered to the Texan frontier. Mr. Webster's despatch had not been received, but it was expected that its tone would induce the government to expel the American citizens. Bocanegra has resigned his sent, and been succeeded by M. Alaman in the cabinet. The Mexican government had not yet exchanged civilities with Mr. Thompson.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The following statistics will show the gratifying results of missionary labors during the last four years, at the Sandwich islands. In the printing department, 10,583,950 pages were printed during the year ending April 1, 1841. This includes 4,788,000 pages of scripture. There have been about fifty books printed. Education is making wonderful advances, as we infer from the number of scholars attending school, and from the fact that twenty-eight school-houses have been built during the last year. There are 357 common schools, taught by 505 teachers, and containing 18,034 scholars. A stone church, 120 feet by 60, has been finished at Kealnkekua. Benevolent contributions by the natives have amounted to $4,380 86. The present number of members of the church is 16,903; of habitual hearers on the Sabbath, 18,050.

HAITI.

This island, already bleeding under the extortions of the priests, according to Friend Candler's book, is to be flooded anew. A bishop is to be appointed, and fifty French priests sent out. Louis Philippe has offered to send them free of expense.

BRITISH WEST INDIES.

A letter to the Journal of Commerce, from Nassau, New Providence, says: Henry Jones, a colored seaman, shipped at Baltimore on board the barque "Margaret Hogg," (which vessel put into this port in distress,) being apprehended, upon the complaint of the captain, as a deserting seaman, brought before the authorities here, was discharged, on the ground of *being a slave in his own country.* There was no positive proof whatever that the man was a slave—only that he said so, —and, notwithstanding he was as lawfully shipped as any other man on board the barque, he was discharged.

General Items.

Storm.—There has been a violent storm at Baltimore, which has done great damage; some estimate the whole loss at one million of dollars. The tide filled the cellars, and overflowed the first floors of warehouses and stores. The same storm was very severe at Washington, injuring property to the amount of $20,000.

Lightning.—It is believed that not less than 30 persons have been killed by lightning in the United States, within the last three months. A still greater number of barns, and other buildings, have been burnt, in consequence of being set on fire by lightning.

People never should forget, that when a person is struck down by lightning, even if apparently dead, water must be applied externally, without delay. A dash of cold water, if applied promptly, would doubtless have saved many of the lives which have been lost.—*Journal of Commerce.*

The Mormons.—There is great trouble among the "latter day saints," at Nauvoo. General John C. Bennett, Commander of the Legion, Chancellor of the University, and Mayor of the city of Nauvoo, &c. has published affidavits, accusing the prophet, Joe Smith, of all manner of crimes; particularly, non-observance of the 7th commandment. Ex-Governor Boggs disappeared mysteriously some time ago, about the same time that Joe Smith prophesied that he would die. Bennett offers to prove that the prophet is guilty of murder, if the authorities will indict him for that purpose. Upon this publication, Joe Smith charged Bennett with high treason against the State of Illinois; and it is said Governor Carlin, of Illinois, made requisition upon Governor Reynolds, of Missouri for his delivery.

The governor of Missouri, on the other hand, requires Illinois to give up Joe Smith, and O. P. Rockwell, on criminal charges brought by General Bennett. Smith has taken the precaution to lay in a good stock of ammunition, and it is thought his followers are too well armed, and too numerous, to permit anything of the kind to be done.

Later news say a battle has been fought, 30 or 40 killed or wounded; and that the governor of Illinois has gone down with 200 men.

Boundary Treaty.—Rouse's Point, the key of Lake Champlain, it is understood, has been ceded to New-York in the settlement of the N. E. Boundary Question. Intrinsically, Rouse's Point is of little or no value; but in case of war with Great Britain and her Canadian dependencies, this point would be most formidable—as a small fortress would hold perfect and easy command of the whole river, which here forms a junction with the lake. In 1823, it was supposed this point belonged to New-York, and was purchased by government with a view to build upon it a fortification. A contract was made with McIntyre and McMartin, who went on and expended several thousand dollars, when the work was stopped by a protest from the British government, stating that the point was clearly within their jurisdiction, according to the conventional line agreed upon at the treaty of Ghent. Since that time this point has been in dispute, both governments claiming and neither possessing it. The fortifications, so far as they had gone, were taken down and the material disposed of by public auction. A few miles below Rouse's Point the British have a fortification on the Isle Aux Naix.

A Heroine.—A little boy about six years of age, son of Mr. Stratton, grocer, in Boston, was rescued from a watery grave, by a colored woman, who plunged in and saved him. This is the second instance, says the Bee, within a few months, wherein this woman, has been the preserver of life, under similar circumstances. Perhaps, had the woman come in the way of the rioters in this city last week, she would have been cruelly beaten, as some of that unfortunate race were, by the cowardly and unmanly set who composed the mob.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Horrible Brutality.—A man named Williams, who resided at the time near "Lick Skillet," in Winston county, some two or three weeks since, took a little negro girl and swung her up in a horizontal position, her head about two feet from the ground, and her feet about one foot, and while in this position, commenced whipping her. Every time the girl made any demonstration of pain, the fiend jogged her with a sharp stick he prepared for the occasion. In this manner the monster continued his cruelties nearly all night, or until he was fairly tired out, when he released his victim; she died the next day, and was buried. The neighbors suspecting all was not right, disinterred the body, held an inquest over it, and brought in a verdict accordingly. The sheriff, with a posse of men, went in pursuit of the miscreant, but they were unable to catch him, he having fled. Williams has heretofore borne a good moral character, but it is now surmised by many that he has also whipped to death another negro girl, as there is another grave near the spot where the last unfortunate victim was interred, which is supposed to be that of a girl who disappeared very suddenly about a year since.—*Atala (Miss.) Gazette.*

A Hair Breadth Escape.—The steamship Britannia, on her last trip to Boston, says the Daily Mail, encountered a dense fog off the Banks of Newfoundland, and a close watch was kept as usual at the bow. While the passengers were at the lunch, a loud shrill cry was heard from the watch, of "helm hard down! They rushed on deck, and discovered directly ahead a small fishing schooner, the skipper and crew of which were standing with their arms elevated, the very picture of fright and despair. The helm was placed hard down, and the ship obeyed it in a twinkling; but so close was she to the schooner that in describing the curve to avoid it, the stern of the ship came within three feet of the little craft. Had the man at the look-out turned his eyes an instant from the watch, or had the noble steamship been less ready to obey her helm, the schooner must have been struck amidships, and gone down without a soul to tell her fate. The tears streamed from the eyes of the skipper, and a loud exclamation of "God bless you!" escaped from his lips, as the steamship floated on, and he found himself safe. There were not many dry eyes on board the Britannia, the humane captain of which, it may well be imagined, made no concealment of his joy at the deliverance of the fishermen.

Well Supplied.—There is just a round dozen of newspapers published in Harrisburg, Pa.—population 7,000.

A Sudden Death.—On Saturday evening, a man went into the shop of a barber, in the neighborhood of Fifth and Walnut streets, and took a seat in one of the chairs for the purpose of being shaved. He had been there but a few seconds, when the barber, on proceeding to lather his face, discovered to his horror that *the man was dead!—Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A Mammoth Cucumber was brought to the office this morning by Mr. Wm. Halings, from his garden, No. 6 New street. It exceeds any cucumber we have yet seen or heard of, and measures 16 inches in length, and 11 inches in circumference. Its weight is 5 1-2 lbs.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

Hydrophobia.—Died, on the 7th ult. at the residence of Mr. Courtland Smith, Mr. L. Smart. Mr. Smart was bitten about three years ago by a rabid dog, but no symptoms of hydrophobia exhibited themselves, until a few hours previous to his terrible death. Probably there is no history of a death by hydrophobia, where the poison remained so long dormant in the system.—*Louisiana Chronicle.*

Had the wound been gashed and washed in a solution of ammonia, and a few drops of water of ammonia been drank in a glass of water, it might have prevented bad effects. Pearlash and water is useful, though not as good as ammonia. It is said strong alkalies counteract the poison both of rattlesnakes and mad dogs.

New Animal.—J. W. Fabens, Esq. has brought from Cayenne to Salem, Mass. a specimen new to the United States. It is an animal named the Capaid, or River Hog. He is not full grown, but weighs nearly one hundred pounds, and it is supposed will attain nearly three times that weight. He is a queer sort of fellow, with a rabbit-shaped head, short, upright ears, a body covered with brown bristly hair, his four-toed feet webbed, and the toes armed with very decent claws. He lives quite comfortably on corn and vegetables, and is a quiet and good-natured beast, although in favor of the cold water system, as his amphibious nature keeps him, near half his time, in that element.

Maple Sugar.—It is stated by a Vermont paper, that it is the opinion that the maple sugar produced in that State last spring, at the low price of five cents per pound, will amount to *one million of dollars.*

Something New.—Gov. Tucker, of Mississippi, employs the penitentiary convicts of that State to harvest his hay and oats! This is turning official dignity to some account.

A Singular Fact.—Strange as it may seem, says the Portland Argus, we have good authority for saying that not only coarse cottons, but also flannels, broadcloths, cassimeres, and carpets, can be manufactured in Lowell, cheaper than in any part of England.

NOTICES.

TAKE NOTICE!

County Conventions of the abolitionists in Western New-York will be held in the following places, on and after the 12th of August; to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Ontario county, Victor, Sept. 2, Friday. Hudson, &c. to be present.
Yates county, Penn Yan, Sept. 6, Tuesday. Tucker, &c. to be present.
Wayne county, Palmyra, Sept. 9, Friday. Hudson, &c. to be present.
Tompkins county, Ithica, Sept. 13, Tuesday. Tucker, &c. to be present.
Seneca county, Waterloo, Sept. 16, Friday. Hudson, &c. to be present.
Chemung county, Millport, Sept. 20, Tuesday. Tucker, &c. to be present.
Cayuga (North) county, Ledyard, Sept. 23, Fri

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SONNET.

BY JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

Poet, if men from wisdom turn away,
And are so wiled with idle gauds of Time,
They will not list the everlasting chime
Of beautiful things, that let in God's clear day,
Through every inlet to this hut of clay,
Think not Truth's sun can ever reach his west;
Nor let one holy longing in thy breast
Fade with long watching dawn's slow-whitening gray:
No! late and early, let thy soul sing clear,
Gushing with prophesy of growing light;
Sing to the hearing of the Eternal ear,
Keep day at noon *within*, though murkest night
Wrap all *without*; for, ere 'tis long, our sphere
Shall hymn once more amid his brethren bright!

JUDGING OF CHARACTER.

Rashly, nor oftimes truly, doth man pass judgment on his brother;
For he seeth not the springs of the heart, nor heareth the reasons of the mind.
And the world is not wiser than of old, when justice was meted by the sword,
When the *spear* avenged the wrong, and the *lot* decided the right;
For we wait, like the sage of Salamis, to see what the *end* will be:
Fixing the right or wrong, by the issues of failure or success.
Judge not of things by their events, neither of character by Providence:
And count not a man more evil, because he is more unfortunate;
For the blessings of a better covenant lie not in the sunshine of prosperity,
But pain and chastisement the rather show the wise Father's love.
Behold that daughter of the world—she is full of gayety and gladness;
The diadem of rank is on her brow, uncounted wealth is in her coffers.
She tricketh out her beauty like Jezebel, and is welcome in the court of kings;
She is queen of the fools of fashion, and ruleth the revels of luxury:
And though she sitteth not as Tamar, nor standeth in the ways as Rahab,
Yet in the secret of her chamber, she shrinketh not from dalliance and guilt.
She careth not if there be a God, or a soul, or a time of retribution;
Pleasure is the idol of her heart; she thirsteth for no purer heaven.
And she laugheth with light good humor, and all men praise her gentleness.
They are glad in her lovely smile, and the river of her bounty filleth them.
So she prospered in the world; the worship and desire of thousands;
And she died as she had lived, careless, and courteous, and liberal.
The grave swallowed up her pomp, the marble proclaimed her virtues;
For men esteemed her excellent, and charities sounded forth her praise;
But elsewhere, far other judgment setteth her with infidels and harlots.
She abused the trust of her splendor, and the wages of her sin shall be hereafter.
Look again on this fair girl, the orphan of a village pastor,
Who is dead, and hath left her his all—his blessing, and a name unstained.
And friends, with busy zeal, that their purses be not taxed,
Place the sad mourner in a home, poor substitute for that she hath lost.
A stranger among strange faces, she drinketh the wormwood of dependence;
She is marked as a child of want; and the world hateth poverty.
She is cared for by none upon earth, and her God seemeth to forsake her.
Then cometh, in fair show, the promise, and the feint of affection;
And her heart, long unused to kindness, remembereth her father, and loveth;
And the villain hath wronged her trust, and mocked, and flung her from him;
And men point at her and laugh; and women hate her as an outcast;
But elsewhere, far other judgment seateth her among the martyrs;
And the Lord, who seemed to forsake, giveth double glory to the fallen.
Once more in the matter of wealth—if thou throw thine all on a chance,
Men will come around thee, and wait, and watch the turning of the wheel;
And if in the lottery of life thou draw a splendid prize,
What foresight hadst thou, and skill! yea, what enterprise and wisdom!
But if it fall out *against* thee, and thou *fail* in thy perilous endeavor,
Behold the simple did sow, and hath reaped the right harvest of his folly.
And the world will be gladly excused, nor will reach out a finger to help;
For why should this speculative dullard be a whirlpool to all around him?
Go to, let him sink by himself; we knew what the end would be:
For the man has *missed his mark*, and his fellows look no further.

Proverbial Philosophy.

From the Mother's Monthly Journal.

FORGIVENESS.

When on a fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beauteously
Beneath the weapon bends—
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns.
To smile and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
And render only love again!
One had it—but he came from heaven;
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse He breathed, no plaint he made;
But when in death's dark pang, He sighed,
Prayed for his murderers, and died.

FLOWERS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Place but a *flower* near thy window glass,
And through it no image of evil shall pass.
Abroad must thou go? on thy white bosom wear
A *nosegay*—and doubt not an angel is there.
Forget not to water, at break of the day,
The *lillies*; and thou shalt be fairer than they.
Place a *rose* near thy bed, nightly sentry to keep,
And angels shall rock thee on roses to sleep.

To *be* good is to *do* good.—*Festus.*

Miscellany.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

BY E. A. COMSTOCK.

St. Paul's, the pride of London, the cynosure of the untravelled cockney, and the delight of the travelled stranger, is badly situated, among low, smoke-begrimmed buildings, that hide its beauties, and annoy the traveller, whose mind has long been worked up with glowing anticipations of the great work he is to behold. Imagine, then, his dismay and indignation, as his eye, lighted up with expectation and hope, falls upon the miserable companions of this stupendous creation of man's genius. Imagine his sensations, as he dodges, darts, and scampers, amid drays and omnibuses, at the risk of every limb, to catch a glimpse, and, alas! only a glimpse, of the exterior. He cannot see the whole at once; it is impossible; so, after gazing up at the dome, till he has cramp in his neck, he demands admittance at the side door, which is partially opened to him. A very small part of the interior is devoted to worship; this little sanctum is separated from the rest of the building by an iron gate. The vast arena, with its pretty, but dirty pavement, is open to all. Here the stranger can walk alone, and meditate in more than one obscure corner, upon beauties perishing from neglect. Many a nook with its delicate tracery of flowers and vines, every petal, every tendril, every leaf beautifully delineated, and with its cluster of chaste pillars, is made a receptacle of useless lumber. How I have mourned, as I have contemplated this degradation of the delicate conceptions of some gifted mind, which, wrapt in its own inspirations, and looking down the long vista of time, sees generation after generation regarding its works with pleased attention. How short, how fleeting are all man's triumphs, both mental and physical. How few there are that care for the countless beauties of this place. One after another stands under the dome, with hackneyed terms of admiration, then casts a furtive glance at the monuments, and disappears. Many pass the less prominent works of art, without deigning to spare one look. If more could stroll around, without those tantalizing guides, and judge for themselves, there would, I think, be some strong appeal made to the guardians of this place, and the now desecrated abodes of beauty would be cleansed. The paintings on the interior of the dome are nearly effaced by damp. With characteristic negligence, in all things concerning taste or beauty, the wardens have allowed the roof to leak; so of course the fine paintings are mere wrecks. It is to be hoped that spirits lose all interest in their earthly doings; if not, there is more than one now suffering from sorrow and indignation; many a shadowy form is lurking amid these silent halls, in deep sadness. Alas! how I regretted that the world was no longer blessed with the presence of those kind fairies; that discriminating, all-seeing, justice-loving genii, that erst, with cruel pinches, turned to black-and-blue the flesh of the slovenly, the lazy, and the careless!

The floor under the dome is of marble, of various colors, representing the mariner's compass. The monuments are very elegant; and the inscriptions informed us that those who slept below were of another order of beings; for *they were all perfect.* I was pleased to observe that the virtues of the sleepers rose in proportion to their rank and wealth; for who *ought* to be virtuous, if not they who are looked up to by so many, as greater lights? The marble likewise recorded that those whose whole lives had been spent in warfare, who had died with their hands stained in blood, were first-rate *Christians;* and their perfections rose in proportion to the number of battles they had won. Amid this silent congregation of the dead, two names arrested my eye; Howard and Heber! what a beautiful companionship! There were no words, no panegyrics, beneath *their* marble effigies. Their attitudes, dignified and majestic, reflected the greatest honor upon the sculptor. The broken chain, under the foot of the first, is admirable; every link chiseled from the hard marble in perfect resemblance of reality. The folds in his robe locked as if the breeze from the open door would blow them apart. The fringe on the cushion, beneath the knees of the prayerful Heber, hangs so naturally, so soft, so flexile, that it was almost impossible to believe it to be marble. The cushion itself appears to be filled with feathers; and the book in Heber's hand had every leaf distinctly traced—one was partly turned down.

We ascended to the outside of the dome, and looked down upon all the red-tiled, sombre buildings, that the smoke allowed us to see. The Thames, spanned by heavy stone bridges, pursued its muddy course beneath us; and the busy crowds, "those things of to-day, and nothings of to-morrow," hastened on their way, with eyes bent to the earth, as if afraid to meet their gloomy sky.

The library is very interesting; there was a stillness reigning throughout the room, that was quite enchanting. I had half a mind to hide myself in one of the recesses, till all had left, and then take up my abode there, among the books, so often fingered by those now dead. How I should have liked to run away with one of those antiquated chairs, that looked as if they mourned over the present race; and then those peaked windows, and the quaint floor, without one nail in its polished oaken boards; and the pilasters between the presses, so finely carved, books, manuscripts, and flowers, in bass-relief, all aiming from the ceiling for the floor in beautiful confusion. And there was a German Bible here, very, very old; it had been banged about for several hundred years. I do not know whether it was ever thrown at the head of the stubborn unbeliever, as is sometimes the case in modern times, when neither the letter nor the spirit can convince. It had been well used, or rather *much* used; and now rests from its labors. The old mahogany table, with its carved bow legs and grinning feet, is delightful in its way. I almost wished that I was a rat, and could mounch my mouldy cheese in this quiet retreat; "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

A little further on, a meagre woman threw open the door of a small apartment, containing a model of the architect's first design. It was rejected by critics and patrons; the present form being preferred. It is said that Wren shed some bitter tears on learning this decision.

Of all the cathedrals I have since visited, not one, in my estimation, equals St. Paul's. Its charming clusters of pillars, with their delicate capitals; the noble aisles, with their finely arched roof, so exquisitely chiseled into feathery, gossamer tracery; its life-like fruits and flowers, worthy a birthplace in paradise; its tesselated pavement, and beautiful Gothic windows; and last, not least, its touching associations, render it one of the most interesting of man's works; and sheds a halo of glory around a nation that has produced a mind to conceive, and hands to execute so glorious a structure.

GOOD AND EVIL.

In silence mend what *ills* deform thy mind,
But all thy *good*, impart to all mankind.—*Stirling.*

THE BRIDE'S CHEST.

A LEGEND OF THE FRENCH PROVINCE OF VALOIS, IN 1688.

The following is said to be the correct verson of a well-known story, the scene of which has usually been laid in Italy. It was translated for the Buffalo Commercial, by a French gentleman:

It was a feast day at the castle of Xaintines, a feudal manor, which then contained the best part of the Valois nobility; all the noblemen and ladies of high lineage were assembled to be present at the wedding of an illustrious lord. He was about to unite himself to the beautiful Clemence de Crespy, and the population of the surrounding villages was celebrating that great event by their songs and plays.

Clemence was lively and gay to madness, yet she knew how to make one forgive her levity and vivacity, by her kindness, her mildness, and her benevolence. How often had she carried under the thatched roof her welcome donations. How many families said that their tears were dried up by the hand of Clemence, and their fortunes relieved by her unexpected assistance! So the good wishes of this grateful population, their shouts of love and respect were not wanting on this occasion for the young heiress of the Count de Crespy.

"Make room! make room!" shouted a dozen retainers, "let the gate of the castle be opened." There is a heavy carriage advancing, drawn by three horses. The bride's presents it is bringing to the castle of Xaintines. How the imagination of the assistants is excited; how many calculations are made upon the value of these presents, but more particularly upon those contained in a large oaken chest, upon which is the coat of arms of the house of de Crespy. Two men are hardly able to lift it. From the care which they take of it, it must contain the jewels, the precious dresses, all the rich treasure of Clemence's toilette. They are soon to come out of it, for the ceremony is progressing. The priest is already waiting for the betrothed ones in the chapel of the castle, the walls of which are ornamented with garlands of flowers.

The chest had been carried to Clemence's apartment, and the tire women who were dressing her, admired the riches spread before them.

The chapel was already full of those who were invited, and all eyes were watching for the heiress bride.

"Out upon thee, old chest!" exclaimed Clemence, in a tone of pettishness which made her mother smile; "Out upon thee—much time thou hast made me lose." At length her maids having given the last touch to her toilet, she went, accompanied by her mother, to join the lord of Xaintines, who was beginning to feel uneasy at so long a delay. "It was that old chest," said she, "which has kept me so long away, * * * oh! but there were so many fine things in it!" The baron seeing Clemence so richly dressed, did not make her wait for his pardon.

The ceremony, so long delayed, had at last taken place, the chapel was again deserted, and there remained in the castle but the nearest relatives of the wedded pair. The villagers had returned to their cottages; the nobility had taken the roads leading to their castles. Still the hour was not yet come when the baron and bride might retire, and they were obliged by the laws of civility to pay some attention to their guests.

The rain which was falling precluded promenading in the park, and to relieve the monotony of the evening, Clemence proposed to her young friends a play, which was to have more charms for them than cards; such sports were pleasing to her lively disposition, they called back to her the happy days of her infancy: "Hide and seek!" echoed all the young ones, who were beginning to find the evening rather dull; and all of them rushed by different ways to find, in the numerous apartments of the castle, obscure retreats where they could escape the search of the baron de Xaintines, whom chance had appointed to seek for them. Clemence was not the last to be gone, and she disappeared up the castle stairs.

"Clemence! Clemence!" shouted by relations and retainers, came wildly from the different parts of the castle, and lights were hurrying to and fro through all the underwoods of the park. It was pain to see the lord of Xaintines. What was become of Clemence? Where could she have concealed herself? no one could imagine.

Vainly was the description of the baroness sent into all the surrounding villages, and all researches were unavailing to discover her. The grief of the baron was hopeless; and unable to bear the sight of a place which unceasingly reminded him of his loss he abandoned the castle with all his retainers, and left as at the hour of the wedding all the wealth it contained. For many days it was feared that the baron would become insane, yet he kept his faculties, and continued to bewail the loss of his dear Clemence.

Yielding to the entreaties of his friends, he consented, after the lapse of a month, to revisit the castle. The first thing which caught his eye, in the apartment of Clemence, was the chest which contained her magnificent trousseau; and portions of female apparel lay scattered around. The sight nearly broke his heart, but mastering his feelings, he bent himself towards the chest to open it with a trembling hand.

Now, there was a spring to the chest, shutting it at the exterior; he pressed his finger upon it and raising the lid, what did he behold? The corpse of his lost Clemence, dressed, ornamented, as on her wedding day! He stepped back, struck with horror: then, through a convulsive movement sprang forward to the chest, and fell expiring upon the corpse of his wife. When his servants came into the room he had ceased to exist.

It was supposed the unfortunate Clemence had concealed herself in the chest, and that the lid had fallen over her. She had perished, unable to make her cries heard: the springs had resisted the efforts of her strength. In that chest were confined the baron and his bride, and they were buried in their wedding garments, under a tree which was yet to be seen in the churchyard of Crespy in 1789.

With the Baron de Xaintines was extinguished an illustrious family, the glorious titles of which dated from the second crusade against the infidels.

From the Democratic Review.

THE PEASANTRY OF RUSSIA.

It is almost dangerous to say anything favorable of the Russians, so universal is the opinion in Europe, and America too, that they are a nation of ignorant and savage barbarians, not susceptible of civilization, and fit only for the brutal bondage in which we are told they are still held. These impressions arise from travels written a century ago, and copied by succeeding travellers, even to the present time; from the monthly fabrications of English and French journalists, who find it a profitable business to abuse Russia and the Russians; and from hasty opinions, formed by discontented travellers, who fly as fast as they can go through a country, where they find few good roads or public conveyances, soft beds, or comfortable inns. The American traveller, as he passes, through their villages and towns, and sees the Russian peasants clothed in sheep-skins, and sleeping in groups upon the pavements, is strongly reminded of the savages of our wilderness, and imagines them equally benighted. But those who will take the trouble to inform themselves will learn that the Russian Sclavonians, though held in vassalage for centuries, are naturally distinguished for genius, enterprise, courage, devotion to their country, an unwavering fidelity to their vows, and a devout reverence for their church. There are innumerable instances of the inventions and mechanical works of serfs, who can neither read nor write. At the present time, the instructed serfs are employed in every branch of trade and industry—in every art and science. This was in some measure the case, even in the last century. We are told by the Count de Segur, who was the minister of France in the time of Catherine II., that on her return from her celebrated expedition to the Crimea, Count de Cheremetieff, gave a splendid entertainment at his beautiful villa near Moscow, on which occasion, there was an opera and a ballet. He says that the architect, who constructed the hall for the opera, the painter, who ornamented it, the poet, and the musicians, the authors of the opera, the performers in it, and in the ballet, and the musicians of the orchestra, were all serfs of the Count de Cheremetieff. The peasants are also remarkable for their superstitious courage. On more occasions than one, have the Russian troops been slaughtered by an overpowering force, refusing to obey the order to retreat, in consequence of some vow, that they would not turn their backs upon the enemy. Their conduct in abandoning their homes, and evacuating Moscow, in 1812—following their priests with the sacred symbols of their religion, chanting hymns of lamentations, and invoking the aid of heaven—as the scene is described by the French historian of that disastrous campaign—was characteristic of the self-sacrificing devotion of the Russians to their country.

The number of serfs is estimated at about forty-five millions. Little reliance, however, can be placed on Russian statistics, whether relating to finance or population, owing to the fluctuating value of the currency; the vast extent of her dominions; the imperfect returns from the provinces, and the variety of tribes and nations composing that empire. Most travellers take it for granted, that all these peasants are not only in a state of deplorable ignorance, but of abject slavery. This is not so. About one-third, as is estimated, pay an annual hire to their masters, or to the crown, and are employed as merchants, tradesmen, mechanics, architects, nay, in every branch of industry, art and science; some of them are wealthy, and some distinguished for their skill and talents. Such is the condition of this portion of the serfs. It is supposed that about another third are on the crown lands. These pay an annual quit-rent to the crown, and enjoy the produce of their own labor. They are virtually mere tenants of the crown, and are in as good condition as any peasantry in Europe. The remaining third are on the lands of the nobility. Even these would be quite as well off as most of the peasantry in neighboring nations, if the laws for their protection were executed.

According to these they cannot be sold without the land; their punishment is regulated; they are required to labor only three days for their master, and three for themselves, on land which the master must set apart for their use. But these laws are evaded or violated; and, on badly managed estates particularly, the condition of the serf is wretched indeed. It may well be imagined what may be the condition of this portion of the peasantry of Russia, in times of famine, when a single proprietor, perhaps without any property but his lands and serfs, and without credit, is called upon suddenly to supply food for the ten, twenty, thirty, forty, nay, up to 150,000—for that is the estimated number belonging to the estates of the Count de Cheremetieff. The serfs of some of the nobility are no doubt cruelly treated; and when the crops fail, the peasants, on improvidently managed estates, wander about, begging for food, and in their desperation sometimes commit horrid atrocities. But a large majority of the serfs of Russia, suffer less than most of the peasantry and laborers of Europe.

From the Journal of Commerce.

PRODUCTION OF ISINGLASS ON THE COASTS OF INDIA.

Dr. Royle, author of the "Productive Resources of British India," has written a pamphlet, containing much information on the subject of isinglass. We find the pamphlet published entire in some late numbers of the Bombay Times.

The name denotes the origin of this substance, being a corruption from the German word *hausenblasse*, composed of two words—*hausen*, sturgeon, and *blasse*, bladder. It is taken from the swimming bladder of a few fish, chiefly of the sturgeon *genus*. Along with the sturgeon, in the subdivision of cartilaginous fishes, it is taken from the shark, ray, skate, lamprey, and myxine. Of the value of this fishery, which Pallas, a distinguished traveller, says is unequalled by any in any part of the world, except by that of Newfoundland, we have the following statistics. The average value annually of the fisheries of the Volga and of the Caspian sea, is estimated at 1,760,405 rubles. Besides this amount, the Persian fisheries are estimated as worth 200,000 rubles.

"The most valuable production of the sturgeons," Pallas observes, "is the isinglass prepared from their air-bladders. According to the list of exports printed by the English factory at St. Petersburg, there has been exported in British vessels, from 1753 to 1786, from 2,000 to 3,000; in later years, usually upwards of 4,000, and in 1788, even 6,850 poods of that article. The exportation to other countries has also amounted, within these few years, to above 1,000 poods. The large and almost incredible demand, has, at the same time, tended to increase the price of the different qualities of this commodity at Astrakhan itself; and on the exchange of St. Petersburg, whence isinglass of the first quality, so late as the year 1778, did not exceed the price of 36 rubles a pood, it has lately been advanced to 90 rubles."

Isinglass is exported largely from the rivers of Russia, principally from those flowing into the Black and Caspian seas; also from the sea of Aral and lake Baikal.

McCulloch says that the importation of this article into England, during the years 1831 and 1832, amounted to 1,984 1-4 cwt. each year. In 1839, it had fallen off to 1,860 cwt.; the revenue from which amounted to £4,039. The falling off in the amount imported, which has continued to decline slightly each year, is owing to the high price of the isinglass, and to the introduction of another kind of animal jelly, called *gelatine*. This is found in a great variety of animals, and is much like the white of an egg, which latter is *albumen*. The fine isinglass costs 18s. a pound, while gelatine sells at from 8 to 12s. Isinglass is one of the purest forms of animal jelly, and is brought to market in different forms, sometimes in that of simple plates, at other times rolled up in different shapes, or cut into fine threads. When of good quality, isinglass is of a whitish color, thin, and semi-transparent, but tough and flexible, destitute of taste as well as smell. The inferior kinds are thicker, yellowish colored, opaque, and sometimes have a fishy smell and taste.

The Brazil isinglass comes from Para and Maranham. It is very inferior to the best from Russia. It comes in the form of pipe, block, honeycomb, cake, and tongue isinglass. In New England, the intestines of the common cod are cut up into isinglass. In Iceland, the same is the case. But it is produced nowhere equal to the Russian, and is not divested of a peculiar *fishy* smell.

FAMILY LOVE.

The *spirit of family* is the second soul of humanity. Modern legislators have too much forgotten this. They think only of nations and individuals. They omit the family, that only source of a pure and healthy population; the sanctuary of traditions and manners, in which all the social virtues acquire fresh vigor. Legislation, even since the introduction of Christianity, has been barbarous in this respect. It repulses man from the spirit of family, instead of encouraging it in him. It interdicts, to one-half of mankind, wife, child, the possession of a home, or a field. It owes these blessings to all as soon as they arrive at manhood. It ought to have interdicted them only to culprits. A family is society in miniature; but it is that society in which the laws are natural, because they are sentiments. To interdict a man from the possession of family comforts, should have been the greatest reprobation, the last punishment of the law. It should have been the *only* pain of death inflicted by a humane and Christian legislation. The punishment of death ought to have been abolished centuries ago.

Lamartine.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

Peach Pot-Pie.—Cover the sides of a Dutch-oven with common pie-crust; lay in as many pared peaches as will cover the bottom; (or more if you please,) spread over them a thin covering of the pie-crust; then put another layer of pared peaches, and so on, putting peaches and crust alternately, until you have put in all you wish. Stir together three parts of water and one of molasses; make a cross-cut in the middle of the pie, as you would for pot-pie; pour the molasses and water, into the opening, cover the Dutch-oven, and bake it with a brisk heat; (not fierce enough to scorch;) I should think three quarters of an hour would be about right. The quantity of molasses must be judged by the acidity of the peaches. For a peck of good peaches, of the usual flavor, about half a pint of molasses would be needed, and three times as much water. This pie is excellent.

How to Cook Cucumbers.—An exchange paper gives the following recipe to cook cucumbers. It may be easily tested:

"Pare off the rind, then cut the cucumber into slices, lengthwise, dust either side of those slices, with corn meal or wheat flour, pepper and salt them to please your taste; this done, fry them brown, and you will have one of the most delicious dishes that you can imagine, combining in their flavor those of the oyster plant and egg plant. Of their healthfulness, thus cooked, there can be no question, and of their palatableness, it is only necessary that you try them, to say with us, that they are exquisite."

Burns.—A subscriber in Lowell, has given us the following receipt for the cure of burns, which we should have published, some weeks since:

"Take any quantity of clover blossoms and boil them thoroughly, in enough of water to cover them well; then strain off the water, and boil it down to a thick syrup of the consistence of molasses; then bottle the syrup up for use, and it will keep for years. Our informant, who has tried the remedy repeatedly, says, that if applied to scalds or burns, it will extract the fire almost instantly.—*Boston Journal.*

Caution against Poisons.—Housekeepers should be cautious about using glazed earthen vessels for holding confections, either preserved in acids, or liable to undergo acetous fermentation. The lead used in the process of glazing is deadly poison. It is disengaged by the action of the acids, and diffuses itself through the entire contents of the vessel from which it is corroded. Many persons, not aware of this fact, preserve pickles and sweetmeats in glazed earthen jars, and from the deleterious change which the confections undergo, in consequence lose their health, if not their lives, without ever suspecting the cause. Stone or glass jars should be used.

Tools for Boys.—Boys should have as good tools as men, and they should be adapted to their size. What would a man say if a rake should be put into his hands, four times the usual size? He would at once complain that it was too large and heavy, and say that he could not work with it; yet, how often are boys, not one-fourth as strong as men, furnished with full sized rakes, and it is expected that they will work with them.—*Farmer's Journal.*

New Machine.—The Genesee Farmer has a cut of a machine for sowing all kinds of grain by *horse power.* A horse is harnessed in a plain vehicle with two common wheels, on the axle of which a chair is fixed, in which sits a man with whip in hand; and the movement appears to be a fast walk, or a slow trot. One or two bushels of grain are placed in a box on the shafts, midway between the man and the horse; and machinery, by the motion of the wheels, scatters the seed, as from the hopper of a corn mill. The machine costs $40, and 25 acres per day, may be sowed with it.

Discoveries in Agriculture.—A Paris paper, called the *Phalange*, states that no manure is found to be so beneficial to a plant, as *its own* decaying leaves and branches. Thus the straw of wheat, scattered over a field, in which the wheat is to be sown, makes the best manure that can be procured. Vine dressers in France, who have mingled the leaves and twigs of the vine with the earth about the roots, have thus produced the most hardy and prolific grape vines known.

M. Krebs, of Secheim, thus writes, in a German periodical:

"My vineyard has been manured in this way for eight years, without receiving any other kind of manure; and yet more beautiful and richly laden vines could scarcely be pointed out. I formerly followed the method usually practised in this district, and was obliged, in consequence, to purchase manure to a large amount. This is now entirely saved, and my land is in excellent condition.

"When I see the fatiguing labor used in manuring vineyards, I feel inclined to say to all, come to my vineyard, and see how a bountiful Creator has provided that vines should manure themselves, like trees in a forest; and even better than they!" The foliage falls from trees in a forest, only when it is withered; and it lies for years before it decays; but the branches are pruned from the vine, whilst still fresh and moist. If they are then cut into small pieces, and mixed with the earth, they undergo putrefaction so completely, that, as I have learned by experience, at the end of four weeks not the smallest trace of them can be found."

Wilhelm Ruf, of Schriesheim, writes:

"For the last ten years I have been unable to place dung on my vineyard, because I am poor, and can buy none. But I was very unwilling to allow my vines to decay, as they are my only source of support in my old age; and I often walked very anxiously amongst them, without knowing what I should do. At last my necessities became greater, which made me more attentive; so that I remarked that the grass was longer in some spots, where the branches of the vine fell, than on those where there were none; so I thought upon the matter, and then said to myself—"If these branches can make the *grass* strong and green, they must also be able to make *my plants* grow better, and become strong and green." I dug, therefore, my vineyard as deep as if I would put dung into it, and cut the branches into pieces, placing them in the holes, and covering them with earth. In a year I had the very great satisfaction to see my barren vineyard become quite beautiful. This plan I continued every year; and now my vines grow splendidly, and remain the whole summer green, even in the greatest heat.

"All my neighbors *wonder* very much how my vineyard is so rich, and that I obtain so many grapes from it; and yet they all know that I have put no dung upon it for ten years."

Miscellaneous Items.

The General Distress.—The Philadelphia Evening Journal gives another picture of the misery and suffering that overspreads the land. It states that, "over 4,000 looms are unoccupied in this country, and that there are full 10,000 of the industrious classes in that city, who are vainly endeavoring to earn the means by which to buy their bread. Distress, real, positive, naked distress, is seen in almost every section of Philadelphia. If it continues during the summer, and no harvest is reaped by the laboring classes, what a season of suffering will be experienced in this city the approaching winter?"

Good Speculation.—The Philadelphia Evening Journal states that Major Raybold, who owns a splendid peach orchard near Delaware city, contracted with some New-Yorkers the other day, to deliver 10,000 baskets of peaches. One thousand of them have already been delivered, and the balance will be forthcoming shortly. The product of this peach orchard appears incredible, yet it is nevertheless true. The peaches have been contracted for at $2 50 per basket, so that the owner will realise $25,000!

Remarkable Escape.—The house of Mr. Joseph Hollis, in Braintree, was struck by lightning, and so torn to pieces as to render it uninhabitable; the chimney was shattered and all the windows in the house broken. The most remarkable circumstance is, that although four persons were in the house at the time, viz. Mr. and Mrs. Hollis and their son and daughter, none of them were very seriously injured.

A Receipt in part.—A late North Carolina paper contains the following queer acknowledgement:

"June 21, 1842—Recieved from the Sheriff of Parson county, N. C. 39 lashes in part of a debt due me from the commonwealth, (for bigamy,) to be paid in two other annual instalments. EDWARD A. CALLAHAN."

Coroner's Office—Death in a Watch House.—The Coroner held an inquest to-day at the second district watch house, in Essex street, on the body of an unknown female, about 30 years old, who was found leaning against a lamp-post in Broome street, near Clinton, apparently intoxicated. She was locked up in a cell, and found dead there this morning. Verdict, died of congestion of the brain.

Such is the careless record of the passage of an immortal from time to eternity. "She was locked up in a cell and found dead this morning!" and this, too, of a woman—perhaps a wife, perhaps a mother! For no crime—but on the suspicion of intemperance only—dreadful as that is, and most of all, to its unhappy victims—"she was locked up in a cell"—no kind hand near, to soothe, no gentle heart to sympathize, no benevolent nature to succor; but alone, unfriended, uncared for, "she was locked up in a cell, and found dead next morning!" Is there no call in such paragraphs as these—and unhappily they are not singular nor very rare—for the interposition of humanity?—no imputation on the proper discharge of their duties by the public officers?

Who shall say, that if this unhappy being, instead of being "locked up in a cell," alone, had been placed where her moanings, if moan she did, could be heard—or where unconsciousness, deeper than that of intoxication, could be observed and timely relieved or administered to—and where the fitful struggle for life, that almost invariably precedes dissolution, would give notice of the imminence of the peril, and of the urgency of succor; who shall say that she might not have been saved—perhaps reformed—but saved at any rate, and thus the stain of blood guiltiness, have been removed from our doors?

We ask these questions, not censoriously, but solemnly, and with a strong conviction, that all our duty is not performed, when we merely read such a record as that quoted, and think of it no more.—*New-York American.*

Riot in Upper Canada.—Great numbers of destitute Irish laborers are now in Canada. Last week they assembled at St. Catherine's in immense masses, with banners bearing various devices and inscriptions, and proceeded to supply their wants with the strong hand. All efforts to arrest their proceedings were unavailing. The Catholic priest, resident there, informed the authorities that all his efforts to restrain them had proved useless; that they were desperate men, and would have work or food. The town was completely given up to them, none daring to make any resistance. Several stores and mills were plundered of goods and flour, and an American schooner bound down, was boarded, and plundered of the pork which formed part of her cargo. We have not heard that any lives were lost, but our informant says, it was a terrible thing to see so many hundreds of men frenzied with passion and hunger with no restraint upon the impulses of their wild natures.—*New-York American.*

Death from Drunkenness.—The annals of intoxication scarcely furnish a more shocking case than has just occurred near the city of Rochester. A Mrs. Turk was burnt to death by her clothes taking fire, while she was drunk—and while her husband, though lying by her, was too drunk to save her from destruction!

Her clothing was almost wholly burnt, saving only a small fragment between her shoulders and the ground where she lay; and her body was burnt to a crisp!—*Rochester Evening Post.*

Melancholy Accident.—On Wednesday week, a boy and girl, children of Mr. Abel Pickert, of this place, while sailing in a small skiff on the river above the rapids, were drawn into the current, and before assistance could reach them, were carried over the dam. The boat was upset and the little girl was drowned. The body was not recovered until the Friday afternoon following.—*Mohawk Courier.*

A Camphor Tree.—A camphor tree, mentioned by Kœmfer, A. D. 1691, as already celebrated for its size, hollow from age, and supposed to measure six fathoms in circumference, though from its standing on a hill it was not then actually measured, was visited by Seibold in 1826. He found it still healthy, though 135 years older. He and his pupils measured it, and he gives 16,881 metres, (about 50 feet) in circumference, adding, in confirmation of this enormous size, that fifteen men can stand in its inside.

Lightning.—At a camp meeting in Jonesboro, Te. on the night of the 6th ult. Mary Taylor, and John C. Miller were struck instantly dead. David Gillespie was supposed to be struck dead, but the plentiful application of cold water restored him. Several others were stunned and injured.

Go Thou and do Likewise.—It is stated in the Norfolk Beacon, that the effect of the late freshet which devastated a portion of the Roanoke country in North Carolina, was to raise the price of corn, from two to ten dollars a barrel. A wealthy planter in that region, finding that the owners of corn were taking such advantage of the general distress, promptly ordered three thousand barrels of his corn to be sent to Halifax, and sold at the prices which had prevailed before the rise of the waters. Such a man deserves to be wealthy, for he makes the right use of his riches.

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